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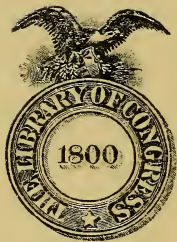
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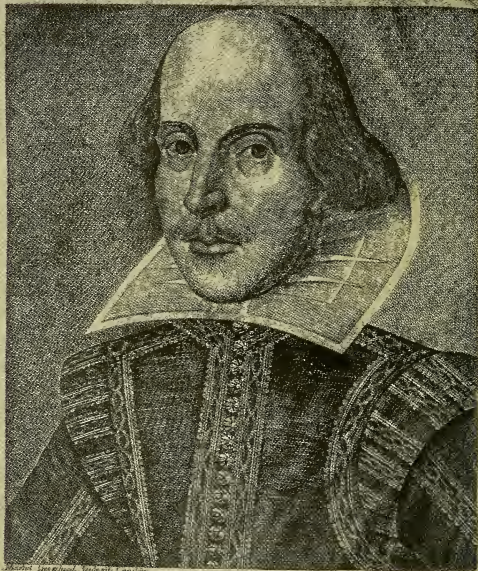
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Merrill's English Texts

William

SHAKESPEARE'S
JULIUS CÆSAR

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, LL.D., FORMERLY
DEAN OF THE FACULTY AND PROFESSOR OF
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IN THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN



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Merrill's English Texts

THIS series of books includes in complete editions those masterpieces of English Literature that are best adapted for the use of schools and colleges. The editors of the several volumes are chosen for their special qualifications in connection with the texts issued under their individual supervision, but familiarity with the practical needs of the classroom, no less than sound scholarship, characterizes the editing of every book in the series.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text here presented has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the best editions. Where there was any disagreement we have adopted the readings which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these editions of the plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it.

GENERAL NOTICE

“AN attempt has been made in these editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English.

“The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course, the full working out of Shakespeare’s meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one’s own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

“Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare’s meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the *English of Shakespeare*. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true:

Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a. The teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight."—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M. A., Late Professor of Pedagogy in the University of St. Andrews.

INTRODUCTION

LIFE AND WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

"Shakespeare was born, it is thought, April 23, 1564, the son of a comfortable burgess of Stratford-on-Avon. While he was still young, his father fell into poverty, and an interrupted education left the son an inferior scholar. He had 'small Latin and less Greek.' But by dint of genius and by living in a society in which all sorts of information were attainable, he became an accomplished man. The story told of his deer-stealing in Charlecote woods is without proof, but it is likely that his youth was wild and passionate. At nineteen he married Ann Hathaway, seven years older than himself, and was probably unhappy with her. For this reason or from poverty, or from the driving of the genius that led him to the stage, he left Stratford about 1586-1587, and went to London at the age of twenty-two; and, falling in with Marlowe, Greene, and the rest, he became an actor and a playwright, and may have lived their unrestrained and riotous life for some years.

"**His First Period.**—It is probable that before leaving Stratford he had sketched a part at least of his *Venus and Adonis*. It is full of the country sights and sounds, of the ways of birds and animals, such as he saw when wandering in Charlecote woods. Its rich and overladen poetry and its warm coloring made him, when it was published, in 1593, at once the favorite of men like Lord Southampton, and lifted him into fame. But before that date he had done work for the stage by touching up old plays and writing new ones. We seem to trace his 'prentice hand' in many dramas of the time, but the first he is usually thought to have retouched is *Titus Andronicus*, and, some time after, the First Part of *Henry VI*.

"*Love's Labour's Lost*, the first of his original plays, in which he

quizzed and excelled the Euphuists in wit, was followed by the rapid farce of *The Comedy of Errors*. Out of these frolics of intellect and action he passed into pure poetry in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and mingled into fantastic beauty the classic legend, the mediæval fairyland, and the clownish life of the English mechanic. Italian story then laid its charm upon him, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* preceded the southern glow of passion in *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he first reached tragic power. They complete, with *Love's Labour's Won*, afterwards recast as *All's Well That Ends Well*, the love plays of his early period. We may, perhaps, add to them the second act of an older play, *Edward III*. We should certainly read along with them, as belonging to the same passionate time, his *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem finally printed in 1594, one year later than the *Venus and Adonis*.

"The patriotic feeling of England, also represented in Marlowe and Peele, now seized on him, and he turned from love to begin his great series of historical plays with *Richard II*, 1593-1594. *Richard III* followed quickly. To introduce it and to complete the subject, he recast the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI* (written by some unknown authors), and ended his first period with *King John*—five plays in a little more than two years.

"His Second Period, 1596-1602.—In *The Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare reached entire mastery over his art. A mingled woof of tragic and comic threads is brought to its highest point of color when Portia and Shylock meet in court. Pure comedy followed in his retouch of the old *Taming of the Shrew*, and all the wit of the world, mixed with noble history, met next in the three comedies of *Falstaff*, the First and Second Parts of *Henry IV*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The historical plays were then closed with *Henry V*, a splendid dramatic song to the glory of England.

"The Globe theater, in which he was one of the proprietors, was built in 1599. In the comedies he wrote for it, Shakespeare turned to write of love again, not to touch its deeper passion as before, but to play with it in all its lighter phases. The flashing dialogue of *Much Ado About Nothing* was followed by the far-off forest world of *As You Like It*, where 'the time fleets carelessly,' and

Rosalind's character is the play. Amid all its gracious lightness steals in a new element, and the melancholy of Jaques is the first touch we have of the older Shakespeare who had 'gained his experience, and whose experience had made him sad.' And yet it was but a touch; *Twelfth Night* shows no trace of it, though the play that followed, *All's Well That Ends Well*, again strikes a sadder note. We find this sadness fully grown in the later sonnets, which are said to have been finished about 1602. They were published in 1609.

"Shakespeare's life changed now, and his mind changed with it. He had grown wealthy during this period and famous, and was loved by society. He was the friend of the Earls of Southampton and Essex, and of William Herbert, Lord Pembroke. The queen patronized him; all the best literary society was his own. He had rescued his father from poverty, bought the best house in Stratford and much land, and was a man of wealth and comfort. Suddenly all his life seems to have grown dark. His best friends fell into ruin, Essex perished on the scaffold, Southampton went to the Tower, Pembroke was banished from the Court; he may himself, as some have thought, have been concerned in the rising of Essex. Added to this, we may conjecture, from the imaginative pageantry of the sonnets, that he had unwisely loved, and been betrayed in his love by a dear friend. Disgust of his profession as an actor, and public and private ill weighed heavily on him, and in darkness of spirit, though still clinging to the business of the theater, he passed from comedy to write of the sterner side of the world, to tell the tragedy of mankind.

"His Third Period, 1602-1608, begins with the last days of Queen Elizabeth. It contains all the great tragedies, and opens with the fate of Hamlet, who felt, like the poet himself, that 'the time was out of joint.' Hamlet, the dreamer, may well represent Shakespeare as he stood aside from the crash that overwhelmed his friends, and thought on the changing world. The tragi-comedy of *Measure for Measure* was next written, and is tragic in thought throughout. *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida* (finished from an incomplete work of his youth), *Antony*

and *Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon* (only in part his own), were all written in these five years. The darker sins of men, the un pitying fate which slowly gathers round and falls on men, the avenging wrath of conscience, the cruelty and punishment of weakness, the treachery, lust, jealousy, ingratitude, madness of men, the follies of the great, and the fickleness of the mob are all, with a thousand other varying moods and passions, painted, and felt as his own while he painted them, during this stern time.

“**His Fourth Period, 1608-1613.**—As Shakespeare wrote of these things, he passed out of them, and his last days are full of the gentle and loving calm of one who has known sin and sorrow and fate but has risen above them into peaceful victory. Like his great contemporary, Bacon, he left the world and his own evil time behind him, and with the same quiet dignity sought the innocence and stillness of country life. The country breathes through all the dramas of this time. The flowers Perdita gathers in *The Winter's Tale*, and the frolic of the sheep-shearing he may have seen in the Stratford meadows; the song of Fidele in *Cymbeline* is written by one who already feared no more the frown of the great, nor slander nor censure rash, and was looking forward to the time when men should say of him—

Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

“Shakespeare probably left London in 1609, and lived in the house he had bought at Stratford-on-Avon. He was reconciled, it is said, to his wife, and the plays he writes speak of domestic peace and forgiveness. The story of *Marina*, which he left unfinished, and which two later writers expanded into the play of *Pericles*, is the first of his closing series of dramas. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* of Fletcher, a great part of which is now, on doubtful grounds, I think, attributed to Shakespeare, and in which the poet sought the inspiration of Chaucer, would belong to this period. *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* bring his history up to 1612, and in the next year he closed his poetic life by writing, with Fletcher, *Henry VIII*. For three years he kept silence, and then,

on the 23d of April, 1616, the day he reached the age of fifty-two, as is supposed, he died.

“His Work.—We can only guess with regard to Shakespeare’s life; we can only guess with regard to his character. We have tried to find out what he was from his sonnets and from his plays, but every attempt seems to be a failure. We cannot lay our hand on anything and say for certain that it was spoken by Shakespeare out of his own character. The most personal thing in all his writings is one that has scarcely been noticed. It is the Epilogue to *The Tempest*; and if it be, as is most probable, the last thing he ever wrote, then its cry for forgiveness, its tale of inward sorrow, only to be relieved by prayer, give us some dim insight into how the silence of those three years was passed; while its declaration of his aim in writing, ‘which was to please,’—the true definition of an artist’s aim,—should make us cautious in our efforts to define his character from his works. Shakespeare made men and women whose dramatic action on each other, and towards a catastrophe, was intended to please the public, not to reveal himself.

“No commentary on his writings, no guesses about his life or character, are worth much which do not rest on this canon as their foundation: What he did, thought, learned, and felt, he did, thought, learned, and felt as an artist. . . . Fully influenced, as we see in *Hamlet* he was, by the graver and more philosophic cast of thought of the later time of Elizabeth; passing on into the reign of James I, when pedantry took the place of gayety, and sensual the place of imaginative love in the drama, and artificial art the place of that art which itself is nature; he preserves to the last the natural passion, the simple tenderness, the sweetness, grace, and fire of the youthful Elizabethan poetry. *The Winter’s Tale* is as lovely a love story as *Romeo and Juliet*; *The Tempest* is more instinct with imagination than *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, and as great in fancy; and yet there are fully twenty years between them. The only change is in the increase of power, and in a closer and graver grasp of human nature. Around him the whole tone and manner of the drama altered for the worse, but his work grew to the close in strength and beauty.”—STOPFORD BROOKE.

THE PLAY: JULIUS CÆSAR

Time of the Action.—"This tragedy embraces two memorable years of Roman history. It commences with the festival of the Lupercalia in February 44 B. C., or in the year of Rome 709. Cæsar had in the preceding autumn returned triumphant from Spain, having defeated the sons of Pompey, and been appointed consul for a period of ten years and dictator for life. To fill the measure of Cæsar's ambition, or of his own adulation, Mark Antony then offered him the regal crown or diadem, which Cæsar reluctantly refused, and in one month afterwards (March 15) the great soldier and statesman fell under the swords of the assassins. The incidents of the conspiracy and death having been depicted with all the dramatist's marvellous power and truth, he hurries over the succeeding events, devoting one short scene to the merciless conscription of the triumvirs, and the drama closes with the battle of Philippi and the death of Brutus, 42 B. C.

Historical Sources.—"The authority relied upon by Shakespeare for his historical facts was Plutarch's *Lives*, translated from the French of Amyot by Sir Thomas North, and published in 1579. The work was highly popular, and the poet followed it closely, but in one point he departed from it and from the truth of history: he made the Capitol the scene of Cæsar's assassination, whereas it took place in the senate-house, or, as North has it, in 'one of the porches about the theater where was set up the image of Pompey.' In the delineation of character also the poet, though working after the models afforded by Plutarch, introduces some modifications. . . .

History of the Play.—"Shakespeare's drama was first printed in the folio of 1623. It appears in a more accurate form than most of the plays, yet about a score of misprints and minor errors

have been removed by the care of successive editors. The usual date of the composition of *Julius Cæsar* is referred to the year 1607, but Mr. Collier has shown good reasons for believing that it was acted before 1603. The subject had previously been dramatized. Gosson mentions a play entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*, in 1579; and in 1582 a Latin play by Dr. Richard Eedes, on the subject of Cæsar's murder, was acted in the University of Oxford. Lord Stirling, in 1604, published a tragedy entitled *Julius Cæsar*. To none of these, so far as can be ascertained, was Shakespeare indebted."—MEIKLEJOHN.

Composition of the Play.—"What has been most censured in *Julius Cæsar* is, that the piece suffers from a very undramatic form of composition, inasmuch as it obviously falls into two halves, one of which represents the death of Cæsar, the other the history of Brutus and Cassius. And certainly the external composition is defective in so far as in the first half the action turns upon the fall of Cæsar and in the second upon the fate of Brutus and Cassius. Yet both halves are nevertheless externally connected in so far as the subject of the action in the first part is not so much Cæsar's death as, in reality, the conspiracy against his supreme power and the attempt to restore the Republic; in the second, we have the course and unhappy termination of this undertaking.

"The unity of interest in a free dramatic poem, however, does not necessarily require to be a purely personal one; in this case the interest—just because it is dramatic—is first of all connected with the action, springs forth out of it, and rises and falls with it. And even though the free dramatic poem is the more perfect in form and composition the more it manages to concentrate the interest of the action in the one person of the hero, still the historical drama is not bound by exactly the same laws as the freely invented composition. In the *historical* drama, the interest—if it is to be *historical*—must above all things be truly historical, then it will be truly poetic as well. History, however, in a certain sense does not trouble itself about persons; its chief interest is in historical facts and their meaning.

"Now in *Julius Cæsar* we have absolutely only one point of interest—a true, but variously jointed, unity. One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the deaths of Brutus and Cassius, and in the victory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he were as mighty as Cæsar and as noble as Brutus, is sufficiently great to guide history according to his own will; every one, according to his vocation, may contribute his stone to the building of the grand whole, but let no one presume to think that he can, with impunity, experiment with it. The great Cæsar, however, merely experimented when he allowed the royal crown to be offered to him and then rejected it thrice against his own will. He could not curb his ambition—this history might perhaps have pardoned; but he did not understand her, and attempted that which she, at the time at least, did not yet wish. The consequence of this error which was entirely his own, the consequence of this arrogant presumption which the still active republican spirit, the old Roman love and pride of freedom, stirred up against him, proved his downfall.

"But Brutus and Cassius erred also, by imagining that Rome could be kept in its glory and preserved from its threatening ruin simply by the restoration of the Republic. . . . They too experimented with history; Cassius trusted that his ambitious and selfish will, and Brutus, that his noble and self-sacrificing will, would be strong enough to direct the course of history. For both felt that the moral spirit of the Roman nation had sunk too deep to be able in future to govern itself as a Republic; Cassius knew, Brutus suspected, that the Republic was coming to an end. But in their republican pride, and feeling their republican honor hurt, they thought themselves called upon to make an attempt to save it, they trusted to their power to be able, as it were, to take it upon their shoulders and so keep its head above water. This was the arrogance which was added to the error, and which spurred them on not only to unreasonable undertakings but to a criminal act; and, therefore, they doubly deserved the punishment which befell them.

"Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus,—the

talented voluptuary, the clever actor, and the good-natured simpleton,—although not half so powerful and noble as their opponents, come off victorious, because, in fact, they but followed the course of history and knew how to make use of it. Thus in all the principal parts we have the same leading thought, the same unity in the (historical) interest, except that it is reflected in various ways. . . .

“Thus history appears represented from one of its main aspects, in its inner, autocratic, active, and formative power, by which, although externally formed by individual men, it nevertheless controls and marches over the heads of the greatest of them.”—
ULRICI, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

"Everything is wrought out in the play with great care and completeness; it is well planned and well proportioned; there is no tempestuousness of passion, and no artistic mystery. The style is full, but not overburdened with thought or imagery. This is one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's plays; greater tragedies are less perfect, perhaps for the very reason that they try to grasp greater, more terrible, or more piteous themes.

"In *King Henry V* Shakespeare had represented a great and heroic man of action. In the serious plays, which come next in chronological order, *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, the poet represents two men who were forced to act,—to act in public affairs, and affairs of life and death,—yet who were singularly disqualified for playing the part of men of action. Hamlet cannot act because his moral energy is sapped by a kind of scepticism and sterile despair about life, because his own ideas are more to him than deeds, because his will is diseased. Brutus does act, but he acts as an idealist and theorizer might, with no eyes for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of practical mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. He fails to see how full of power Antony is, because Antony loves pleasure, and is not a Stoic, like himself; he addresses calm arguments to the excited Roman mob; he spares the life of Antony and allows him to address the people; he advises ill in military matters. All the practical gifts, insight and tact, which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus's moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal

motive, Cassius possesses little. And the moral power of Brutus has in it something magisterial, which enables it to overshadow the practical judgment of Cassius. In his wife—Cato's daughter, Portia—Brutus has found one who is equal to and worthy of himself. Shakespeare has shown her as perfectly a woman,—sensitive, finely tempered, tender,—yet a woman who, by her devotion to moral ideals, might stand beside such a father and such a husband. And Brutus, with all his stoicism, is gentle and tender; he can strike down Cæsar if Cæsar be a tyrant, but he cannot roughly arouse a sleeping boy (act IV. sc. iii. l. 271). Antony is a man of genius, with many splendid and some generous qualities, but self-indulgent, pleasure-loving, and a daring adventurer, rather than a great leader of the state.

"The character of Cæsar is conceived in a curious and almost irritating manner. Shakespeare (as passages in other plays show) was certainly not ignorant of the greatness of one of the world's greatest men. But here it is his weaknesses that are insisted on. He is failing in body and mind, influenced by superstition, yields to flattery, thinks of himself as almost superhuman, has lost some of his insight into character, and his sureness and swiftness of action. Yet the play is rightly named *Julius Cæsar*. His bodily presence is weak, but his spirit rules throughout the play, and rises after his death in all its might, towering over the little band of conspirators, who at length fall before the spirit of Cæsar as it ranges for revenge."—DOWDEN, *Shakespeare Primer*.

"We doubt whether we shall find Shakespeare greater, when he invented everything regardless of his sources, or here where he took all as he found it—whether we shall most admire in the one case his free power of creation, or in the other his submission and self-denial. Far from all pride of authorship and all pursuit after originality, he appears here before a classic biographer, never attempting to strive with nature, but rather reverentially to preserve her uninjured in the genuine form which he found before him. . . .

"It is at the same time wonderful, with what hidden and almost

undiscernible power he has converted the text into a drama, and made one of the most effective plays possible. Nowhere else has Shakespeare executed his task with such simple skill, combining his dependence on history with the greatest freedom of a poetic plan, and making the truest history at once the freest drama. . . .

"The play under consideration is a most striking variation on the theme of Hamlet and Macbeth, and gives us a new and remarkable proof of the depth and many-sidedness with which Shakespeare thought out and elaborated any problem he had once seized upon. A deed of greater weight than that demanded of Hamlet or planned by Macbeth is laid on this pattern of a man—the murder of a hero, who had increased the greatness of Rome as much as he had endangered her freedom. It is a deed of a nature doubtful in itself, which is required of him, not one decidedly right or decidedly wrong, like that to which Hamlet was called and to which Macbeth was tempted. The uncertainty, the doubt, the discord, lay in the other instances in the men themselves, here it lies in the thing itself, and is only from thence transferred to an even, clear, and right-judging mind. . . .

"Brutus is persuaded by his friends to take part in a murder and conspiracy, as he himself calls it; for the restoration of freedom, his task is to prevent an injustice as yet only apprehended on Cæsar's part; he desires the end, but only the means most necessary for attaining it; he takes the first step, but not the second and third; whereas he should either not have taken the first or he should also have taken the others. . . .

"If Brutus erred more than Cassius in the means he employed in their undertaking, they both erred equally in the final aim of it. The restoration of the Republic was no longer possible; the people had become unfit for freedom. Shakespeare has not subjected this historical view to any discussion, unsuitable to a drama; but he found it in Plutarch, and with thorough understanding adopted it with artistic representation for his work of art.

"Fortune, chance, Providence, says Plutarch, were against the republicans; it appeared as if the realm could no longer be governed by a plurality, but necessarily demanded one monarch. The gods

had, therefore, given the people Cæsar as a mild physician, who was best fitted to restore them; this showed itself when, immediately after his death, they lamented him and would never forgive his murderers—as Shakespeare expresses it, when it pleased them to need the death of Brutus.

“The poet has described this people according to Plutarch’s view of them. First they shouted after Pompey, and when Cæsar came in triumph over Pompey’s corpse, they shouted after Cæsar. Brutus kills Cæsar, and they shout after him also. . . . As soon as Antony advances, they begin to consider ‘whether a worse may not come in Cæsar’s place;’ that another *must* come in his place, seems to be no longer a question. With such a people, Brutus’s noble thought of restoration was but a lovely dream.”—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

“Shakespeare has in this play and elsewhere shown the same penetration into political character and the springs of public events as into those of everyday life. For instance, the whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security.

“That humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny, render them unfit to cope with the cunning and power of those who are opposed to them. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others because they are themselves sincere, and endeavor to reconcile the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny

and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion; otherwise they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus. . . .

"The truth of history in *Julius Cæsar* is very ably worked up with dramatic effect. The councils of generals, the doubtful turns of battles, are represented to the life. The death of Brutus is worthy of him; it has the dignity of the Roman senator with the firmness of the Stoic philosopher. But what is perhaps better than either, is the little incident of his boy, Lucius, falling asleep over his instrument, as he is playing to his master in his tent, the night before the battle. Nature had played him the same forgetful trick once before, on the night of the conspiracy. The humanity of Brutus is the same on both occasions."—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.

"Shakespeare's drama rests entirely upon the character of Brutus; and he has even been blamed for not having entitled his work *Marcus Brutus* instead of *Julius Cæsar*. But if Brutus is the hero of the play, the power and death of Cæsar form its subject. Cæsar alone occupies the foreground; the horror felt for his power, and the necessity of deliverance from it, fill the whole of the first part of the drama; the other half is consecrated to the recollection and consequences of his death. It is, as Antony says:—

Cæsar's spirit, ranging on revenge;

and, that his sway may not be lost sight of, it is still his spirit which, on the plains of Sardis and Philippi, appears to Brutus as his evil genius.

"The picture of this great catastrophe, however, finishes with the death of Brutus. Shakespeare desired to interest us in the event of his drama only as it related to Brutus, just as he presented Brutus to us only in relation to the event. The fact which furnishes the subject of the tragedy, and the character which accomplishes it, the death of Cæsar and the character of Brutus,—this is the union which constitutes Shakespeare's dramatic work, just

as the union of soul and body constitutes life, both elements being equally necessary to the existence of the individual. Before the death of Cæsar was planned, the play does not begin; after the death of Brutus, it ends.”—GUIZOT, *Shakespeare and His Times*.

CÆSAR

“Cæsar need not condescend to the ordinary ways of obtaining acquaintance with facts. He asks no question of the soothsayer. He takes the royal road to knowledge—intuition. This self-indulgence of his own foibles is, as it were, symbolized by his physical infirmity, which he admits in lordly fashion—‘Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.’ Cæsar is entitled to own such a foible as deafness; it may pass well with Cæsar. If men would have him hear them, let them come to his right ear. Meanwhile, things may be whispered which it were well for him if he strained an ear—right or left—to catch. In Shakespeare’s rendering of the character of Cæsar, which has considerably bewildered his critics, one thought of the poet would seem to be this: that unless a man continually keeps himself in relation with facts, and with his present person and character, he may become to himself legendary and mythical. The real man Cæsar disappears for himself under the greatness of the Cæsar myth. He forgets himself as he actually is, and knows only the vast legendary power named Cæsar. He is a numen to himself, speaking of Cæsar in the third person, as if of some power above and behind his consciousness. And at this very moment—so ironical is the time-spirit—Cassius is cruelly insisting to Brutus upon all those infirmities which prove this god no more than a pitiful mortal. . . .

“It is the spirit of Cæsar which is the dominant power of the tragedy; against this—the spirit of Cæsar—Brutus fought; but Brutus, who forever errs in practical politics, succeeded only in striking down Cæsar’s body; he who had been weak now rises as pure spirit, strong and terrible, and avenges himself upon the conspirators. . . . The ghost of Cæsar (designated by Plutarch only the ‘evil spirit’ of Brutus), which appears on the night before the battle of Philippi, serves as a kind of visible symbol of

the vast posthumous power of the dictator. . . . Finally, the little effort of the aristocrat republicans sinks to the ground foiled and crushed by the force which they had hoped to abolish with one violent blow. . . . Brutus dies; and Octavius lives to reap the fruit whose seed had been sown by his great predecessor. With strict propriety, therefore, the play bears the name of Julius Cæsar.” —DOWDEN, *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

“Shakespeare has scarcely created anything more splendid than the relation in which he has placed Cassius to Brutus. Closely as he has followed Plutarch, the poet has by slight alterations skilfully placed this character, even more than the historian has done, in the sharpest contrast to Brutus—the clever, politic revolutionist opposed to the man of noble soul and moral nature. . . .

“According to Plutarch, public opinion distinguished between Brutus and Cassius thus: that it was said that Brutus hated tyranny, Cassius tyrants; yet, adds the historian, the latter was inspired with a universal hatred of tyranny also. Thus has Shakespeare represented him. His Cassius is imbued with a thorough love of freedom and equality; he groans under the prospect of a monarchical time more than the others; he does not bear this burden with thoughtful patience like Brutus, but his ingenious mind strives with natural opposition to throw it off. . . . With his hatred of tyrants there is mixed the envy of Cæsar belonging to the more meanly endowed man; he remembers that he had once saved the life of the emperor in a swimming match, that he had seen him sick and subject to human infirmities, and now he is to bow before this man as before a god, he is to see him ‘bestride the narrow world, like a Colossus,’ while ‘petty men walk under his huge legs.’ He seems inclined to measure rank by bodily strength rather than by power of mind. . . .

“The difference, therefore, between his nature and the character of Brutus comes out on every occasion: Brutus appears throughout just as humanely noble as Cassius is politically superior; each

lacks what is best in the other, and the possession of which would make each perfect.”—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

“I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than the scene between Brutus and Cassius [act IV. sc. iii]. In the Gnostic heresy it might have been credited with less absurdity than most of their dogmas, that the Supreme had employed him to create, previously to his function of representing, characters.”—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*.

PORTIA

“Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus. In him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a Stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex’s softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman ‘so fathered and so husbanded.’ The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. . . .

“There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she restrained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears.

“If Portia had been a Christian, and lived in later times, she might have been another Lady Russell; but she made a poor Stoic. No factitious or external control was sufficient to restrain such an

exuberance of sensibility and fancy; and those who praise the *philosophy* of Portia and the *heroism* of her death, certainly mistook the character altogether. It is evident, from the manner of her death, that it was not deliberate self-destruction, 'after the high Roman fashion,' but took place in a paroxysm of madness, caused by overwrought and suppressed feeling, grief, terror, and suspense."—MRS. JAMESON, *Characteristics of Women*.

ANTONY

"Antony is a man of genius without moral fibre; a nature of a rich, sensitive, pleasure-loving kind; the prey of good impulses and of bad; looking on life as a game, in which he has a distinguished part to play, and playing that part with magnificent grace and skill. He is capable of personal devotion (though not of devotion to an idea), and has indeed a gift for subordination—subordination to a Julius Cæsar, to a Cleopatra. And as he has enthusiasm about great personalities, so he has a contempt for inefficiency and ineptitude. Lepidus is to him 'a slight, unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands,' one that is to be talked of not as a person, but as a property. . . .

"Brutus, over whom his ideals dominate, and who is blind to facts which are not in harmony with his theory of the universe, is quite unable to perceive the power for good or for evil that is lodged in Antony, and there is in the great figure of Antony nothing which can engage or interest his imagination; for Brutus's view of life is not imaginative, or pictorial, or dramatic, but wholly ethical. The fact that Antony abandons himself to pleasure, is 'game-some,' reduces him in the eyes of Brutus to a very ordinary person—one who is silly or stupid enough not to recognize the first principle of human conduct, the need of self-mastery; one against whom the laws of the world must fight, and who is therefore of no importance. And Brutus was right with respect to the ultimate issues for Antony. Sooner or later Antony must fall to ruin. But before the moral defect in Antony's nature destroyed his fortune, much was to happen. Before Actium might come Philippi."—DOWDEN, *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*.

THE HISTORICAL CÆSAR

"In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits. He was a great bather, and scrupulously clean in all his habits; abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. In Gaul he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion when he was dining somewhere, the other guests found the oil too rancid for them; Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

"In his public character he may be regarded under three aspects—as a politician, a soldier, and a man of letters.

"Like Cicero, Cæsar entered public life at the bar. He belonged

by birth to the popular party, but he showed no disposition, like the Gracchi, to plunge into political agitation. His aims were practical. He made war only upon injustice and oppression; and when he commenced as a pleader he was noted for the energy with which he protected a client whom he believed to have been wronged. . . . When he rose into the Senate, his powers as a speaker became strikingly remarkable. Cicero, who often heard him, and was not a favorable judge, said that there was a pregnancy in his sentences and a dignity in his manner which no orator in Rome could approach. But he never spoke to court popularity; his aim from first to last was better government, the prevention of bribery and extortion, and the distribution among deserving citizens of some portion of the public land which the rich were stealing. . . .

"The practicality which showed itself in his general aims appeared also in his mode of working. Cæsar, it was observed, when anything was to be done, selected the man who was best able to do it, not caring particularly who or what he might be in other respects. To this faculty of discerning and choosing fit persons to execute his orders may be ascribed the extraordinary success of his own provincial administration, the enthusiasm which was felt for him in the north of Italy, and the perfect quiet of Gaul after the completion of the conquest. . . .

"It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius.

"The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials. Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. . . .

"He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He traveled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges. No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bare-headed, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. . . .

"In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment. Mutiny and desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent tenth legion into submission by a single word. When the civil war began and Labienus left him, he told all his officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him.

"His leniency to the Pompeian faction may have been politic, but it arose also from the disposition of the man. Cruelty originates in fear, and Cæsar was too indifferent to death to fear anything. So far as his public action was concerned he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible, like a force of nature.

"Cicero has said of Cæsar's oratory that he surpassed those who had practised no other art. His praise of him as a man of letters is yet more delicately and gracefully emphatic. Most of his writings are lost; but there remain seven books of commentaries on the wars in Gaul (the eighth was added by another hand), and three books upon the civil war, containing an account of its causes and history. Of these it was that Cicero said, in an admirable image, that fools might think to improve on them, but that

no wise man would try it; they were *nudi omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste detractâ*—bare of ornament, the dress of style dispensed with, like an undraped human figure, perfect in all its lines as nature made it. . . . About himself and his own exploits there is not one word of self-complacency or self-admiration. In his writings, as in his life, Cæsar is always the same—direct, straightforward, unmoved save by occasional tenderness, describing with unconscious simplicity how the work which had been forced upon him was accomplished.

“He wrote with extreme rapidity in the intervals of other labor; yet there is not a word misplaced, not a sign of haste anywhere, save that the conclusion of the Gallic war was left to be supplied by a weaker hand. The commentaries, as an historical narrative, are as far superior to any other Latin composition of the kind as the person of Cæsar himself stands out among the rest of his contemporaries.”—FROUDE, *Cæsar: a Sketch*.

SHAKESPEARE'S GRAMMAR AND VERSIFICATION

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes'; as a noun, 'the *backward* and abysm of time'; or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent'; or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after *I ought*, inserted after *I durst*; double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' etc.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all."—DR. ABBOTT'S *Shakespearian Grammar*.

Shakespeare's plays are written mainly in what is known as *blank verse*; but they contain a number of riming lines, and a con-

siderable number of prose lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labour's Lost* contains nearly 1100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *A Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables; this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *rhythmical*. In blank verse the lines have usually ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented syllable, followed by an accented one, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *mesuré*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. *Pentameter* is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"Me-thought|you said|you nei|ther lend|nor bor|row."

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together; as—

"Pluck' the|young suck'|ing cubs'|from the'|she bear'."

(c) In such words as *yesterday*, *voluntary*, *honesty*, the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented; as—

"Bars' me|the right'|of vol'-|un-ta'|ry choos'|ing."

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only; as—

"Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark."

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

“He says|he does,|*be-ing* then|most flat|ter-ed.”

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the end of lines, as was the earlier custom.

In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), etc.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy). Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important that the student should have plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

To attain the standard of "Perfect Possession," the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject.

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it again, with his mind on the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, etc.

With the help of the following outline, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

1. The plot and story of the play.

(a) The general plot.

(b) The special incidents.

2. The characters.

Ability to give a connected account of all that is done, and most that is said by each character in the play.

3. The influence and interplay of the characters upon one another.

(a) Relation of A to B and of B to A.

(b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete possession of the language.

(a) Meanings of words.

(b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning.

(c) Grammar.

(d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to reproduce, or quote.

(a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion.

(b) What was said by A in reply to B.

(c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture.

(d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion.
- (b) To cap a line.
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

**THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
CINNA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS,
MARULLUS, } *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS *of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.*

CINNA, *a Poet; another Poet; a Soothsayer.*

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA, } *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

YOUNG CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *Servants to Brutus*

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS, } *Servants to Brutus*

STRATO,
LUCIUS, } *Servants to Brutus*

DARDANIUS, } *Servants to Brutus*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE—ROME; SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

SCENE I

Rome. A street

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a laboring-day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, 10
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of
bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, 20
thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? 30
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft 40
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

50

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

60

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

70

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II

The same. A public place

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [Music ceases.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant.

I shall remember:

When Cæsar says "Do this," it is performed.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry “Cæsar.” Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that? 20

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say’st thou to me now? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part 30

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I’ll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru.

Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors:
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

40

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;

50

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard, 60
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

70

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughèr, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester: if you know

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

80

[Flourish and shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the
people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas.

Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For let the gods so speed me as I love

90

The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roared; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man

Is now become a god; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

100

110

120

His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me; 130
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves. 140

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that *Cæsar*?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*. [Shout.
Now in the names of all the gods at once, 150
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say 160
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say 170
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Reënter CÆSAR and his Train

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning. 180

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators. 190

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter:—but I fear him not: 200
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort

As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

210

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be feared

Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt CÆSAR and his train. CASCA stays.]

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad?

220

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

230

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet, 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as 240 I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked 250 Cæsar; for he swounded, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I 260 am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased

and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 270

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away? 280

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar’s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 290

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; farewell both. [Exit CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! 300
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will, 310
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so;—till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night, 320
In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The same. A street

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO*

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by
sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noonday, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
“These are their reasons,—they are natural;”
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may cónstrue things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.* 40

Enter CASSIUS

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open 50
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and case yourself in wonder, 60
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But, if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors; 80
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong; 90
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these wordly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Dec 11, 1925

Casca.

So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

102

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

Spoken

So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: but I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

110

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas.

There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element

120

In favor 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

130

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

140

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue; all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find
us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

150

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of
him,

160

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I

Rome. Brutus's orchard

Enter BRUTUS

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

Luc. Called you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. *[Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part, 16
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatched would, as his kind, grow mischiev-
ous,
And kill him in the shell.

Reënter LUCIUS

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!—

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!—

Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.

50

“Shall Rome, &c.” Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
“Speak, strike, redress!”—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee
promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Reënter LUCIUS

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[Knocking within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody
knocks.

[Exit LUCIUS. 60

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments

23

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Reënter LUCIUS

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let 'em enter.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here 99
But honors you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.* 100

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east 110
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

✓ *Met.* O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youth and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him; 150
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas.

Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only
Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged:—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course 'will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 When Cæsar's head is off.

170

180

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
 And that were much he should; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

190

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

200

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flatterèd.
Let me work:

For I can give his humor the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

210

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

220

Cas. The morning comes upon us: we'll leave
you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but BRUTUS.]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise
you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across: 240
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;



Por. "DEAR MY LORD,
MAKE ME ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR CAUSE OF GRIEF."

But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

250

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—good Portia, go to bed.

260

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night

270

Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them;
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru.

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows:—

Leave me with haste. Lucius, who 's that knocks?

[Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
you.

310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honorable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 320
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A room in CÆSAR'S palace

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his
nightgown*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!” Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me

10

Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

20

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these prædictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Reënter Servant

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well:
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy

Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time 60

To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,

To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,

Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

And these does she apply for warnings and portents so
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say:

And know it now; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say

“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

100

“Lo, Cæsar is afraid?”

Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
purnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too? 110

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will I
be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A street near the Capitol

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

Art.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

Another part of the same street, before the house of

BRUTUS

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well.

I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus! 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius. and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

act of Caesar

ACT III

SCENE I

Rome. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the
Senators rise*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop.

Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 29
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and
the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*

Cæs.

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, 50
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

70

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.* The Senators and people retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,— so
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Bru. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?



Cin. "LIBERTY! FREEDOM! TYRANNY IS DEAD!—
RUN HENCE, PROCLAIM, CRY IT ABOUT THE STREETS."

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, 90
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Reënter TREBONIUS

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So we are Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away: 120
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Bru. Soft, who comes here?

Enter a Servant

A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him. 130
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse. 140
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Reënter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160

I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; 170
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased 180
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. 190
Gentlemen all,— alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse? 200

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bayed, brave
hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes, 210
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?

Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
indeed,

Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar. 220
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 230
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to BRUTUS.*] You know not what you do; do
not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission; 240
And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

250

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;

260

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds: 270
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming: 280
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar! *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 290
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II

The Forum

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS and a throng of Citizens

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons;

When severally we hear them renderèd.

10

[*Exit CASSIUS with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS
goes into the Rostrum.]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me
for mine honor: and have respect to mine honor
that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom;
and awake your senses that you may the better

judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-

monwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live! 50

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech 60
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all. 70

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

80

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men;—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

90

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? 100

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me. 110

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not
take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak. 120

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

130

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Byrd

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

140

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's
will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony; 150
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: *honorable men!*

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, 160
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back! 170

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it, 180
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua, 190
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

200

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! about! — seek! — burn! — fire!
—kill! —slay! —let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him. 210

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well 220

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move 230
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away, then; come, seek the conspirators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not—I must tell you, then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

246

Citizens. Most true; the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

250

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

260

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius 270
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A street

Enter CINNA, the Poet

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizen

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

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2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

✓ 4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

10

✓ 4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

20

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet. 30

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'; away, go! *[Exeunt.]*

Almost -
the turning point

ACT IV

SCENE I

A room in Antony's house

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender. 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretched out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,

And open perils surest answerèd.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, . 50
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp near Sardis

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,

As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
tered;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arrived:— 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Sol.* Stand!

✓ 2 *Sol.* Stand!

3 *Sol.* Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; 40
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man 50
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Within the tent of BRUTUS

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in
this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 10
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No. 60

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;— 70
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, *u* *u*
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

90

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

100

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark, *esc*

110

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, 120
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and
LUCIUS

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals: what do you
mean?

Love and be friends, as two such men should be; 130
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you,

140

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you
so?—

150

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Reënter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers

Bru. Spéak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.* 160

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Reënter TITINIUS and MESSALA

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here receivèd letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

170

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

180

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner. 190

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

200

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged; 210
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; 220
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi. *an*

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night; 230

Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. Farewell, good Messala;—

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.]

Reënter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument? 240

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What? thou speak'st drowsily:

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.

Call Claudius and some other of my men:

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure. 250

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*VAR. and CLAUD. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing. 260

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a Song.*]
This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night; 270
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good
night,—

Let me see, let me see:—is not the leaf turned
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me!—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

280

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru.

Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi. *an*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

290

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

[*To VARRO.*

Fellow thou! awake!

300

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I

The plains of Philippi

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hill and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.* 20

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words: 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,—I draw a sword against conspirators:

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honor,

Joined with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct.

Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and *their Army.*

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day 70

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compelled to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perched,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands; 80

Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away and gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

90

Bru. Even so, Lucilius. *[Advancing.]*

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determinèd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

100

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph *ad*
Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!

110

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

120

Bru. Why, then lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

*The field of battle**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

*Another part of the field**Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS*

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

10

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

20

[*PINDARUS goes up.*

This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about

With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him; 30
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light: O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—[*Shout*] and hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath! 40

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.* 50]

Reënter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power.
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun! 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomèd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.* 90]

Alarum. Reënter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt. 110

SCENE IV

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered,*
and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius. 10

And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die;

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter Antony

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough; 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness; I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Another part of the field

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cli. Statilius showed the torchlight: but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'd rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.— [*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes. •

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol.

Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I'm sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history: 40

Night hangs upon my eyes: my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within—"Fly, fly, fly!"]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my
lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still: 50
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

Alarum; retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.—

60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

70

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let 's away.
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.* 80

NOTES

The following contractions are used in the notes: O. E. = Old English; O. Fr. = Old French; Gr. = Greek; Lat. = Latin; Cf. = confer (compare); Abbott = Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*; Cl. P. S. = Clarendon Press Series; and Co. S. = Collins's Series.

ACT I

SCENE I

Page 37. 3. Mechanical. Mechanics or artisans.—**Ought not walk.** This is the only instance in Shakespeare where *ought* is not followed by *to*. After the verbs *bid*, *see*, *make*, *hear*, *tell*, and others, we have at present no *to*; because with these verbs the old infinitives in *an* remained longer in use. And Dr. Abbott points out that, in the Elizabethan period, there was much inconsistency in the use or omission of the *to*.

4. A laboring-day. A working day. The word *laboring* is not here an adjective or participle, but a gerund or verbal noun, like frying-pan, walking-stick, working-dress, riding-coat (=pan for frying, etc.).—**Without the sign.** There was no such sumptuary law among the Romans.

10. In respect of. In comparison with.

11. A cobbler. A botcher or bungler.

12. Directly. Straightforwardly. Shakespeare in the same way uses *roundly*.

Page 38. 16. Knave. Fellow; not in the bad modern sense. In O. E. (as in modern German, *Knabe*) it simply meant *a boy*. Sir John Mandeville calls Mahomet "a poure knave."—**Naughty.** Good for naught or nothing.—**Be not out.** Cf. fall out.—**If you be out.** Here used in the second of the two senses, that is, at heels. Cf. out at elbows.

27. Recover. Used in the two senses of *recover* and *re-cover*.

29. Neat's leather. Ox leather. *Neat* is the O. E. word for *cattle*, and is still found in Scotland in the form of *nowt*. Cf. *neat's foot oil*.

34. To see Cæsar. Cæsar had just returned from Spain, triumphant over the sons of Pompey in the battle of Munda, in the spring of 45 B. C.

40. Pompey (106-48 B. C.). His successes in war first made him the idol of the Romans. He shared with Cæsar the highest political honors, and married Cæsar's daughter. Later they became hostile, and Pompey was forced to flee to Egypt, where he was killed.

Page 39. 46. But. Merely or only.

48. That. So that.—Tiber . . . her. Shakespeare makes the Tiber feminine; but the Romans made it masculine—"Father Tiber."

49. Replication. Echo or reverberation. From Lat. *replico*, I fold or turn back.

52. Cull out. Pick out as.

57. Intermit. Put aside.

61. Tiber banks. So we have in Act V Philippi fields; and in other plays, Pisa walls, Cyprus wars, music vows, the region kites. For this use of a proper name as an adjective, see Abbott, sect. 22.

62. Till the lowest stream. That is, till the stream at its lowest be increased by your tears until it touches the top of the banks. A hyperbole of the strongest kind.

64. Whether. Often used as a monosyllable by Shakespeare. The *th* is not pronounced here.—Metal. Another form of the word *mettle*; both from Gr. *metallon*, a mine.

66. Capitol. The temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus and citadel of Rome (Capitolium), to which a victorious general, entering the city in triumph, rode to return thanks to Jupiter.

67. Disrobe. Laurel crowns, tied with a white fillet, had been placed upon the statues of Cæsar.

68. Ceremonies. Trophies and scarfs.

70. Lupercal. One of the most ancient Roman festivals, celebrated annually in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. It was held on the 15th of February, near the Lupercal, at the foot of the Mons Aventinus, where Romulus and Remus were said to have been found with their nurse, the she-wolf. The Luperci, or priests, sacrificed goats and young dogs, and ran through the city with thongs cut from their skins, touching and striking men and women. This act was a symbolic purification of the land, and the touching was a purification of the people.

Page 40. 73. Vulgar. From Lat. *vulgus*, the common people.

76. Pitch. The highest flight of a hawk or falcon.

78. Servile. Such as befits slaves. From Lat. *servus*, a slave.

SCENE II

Page 40. 11. Sterile curse. Curse of sterility. Cæsar was now childless, his daughter having died.

Page 41. 17. The press. The crowd. Cf. Chaucer:—

Fly from the presse, and dwell with soothfastnesse.

See also *Mark* ii, 4.

20. The Ides. The Roman method of reckoning the days of the month was peculiar. The first of each month was called Kalends (*Kalendar*); the Nones (*Nonal*) were the 5th (but on the 7th in March, May, July, and October); and the Ides (*Idus*) eight days later than the Nones. From these three fixed points the Romans counted *backward*. Thus the 30th of January was three days (taking in both the day counted *from* and the day counted *to*) before, or the *third day* before, the Kalends of February; and so on. The Ides of March, May, July, and October fell on the 15th day.

26. Sennet. A piece of martial music, or a set of notes played on a trumpet as a signal for a procession to move.

27. Order of the course. The manner in which the procession is marshalled, and the direction in which it is led.

30. Gamesome. Inclined for frolic.

31. Quick. Lively.—Spirit. Turn of mind.

36. As. That. Still in use by uneducated people. Shakespeare frequently uses it as a relative pronoun in this and other plays.

37. You bear . . . a hand. You are too distant and unfriendly. The metaphor is borrowed from horsemanship.

Page 42. 41. Vexed I am . . . difference. I have been troubled by conflicting emotions.

43. Conceptions . . . to myself. Thoughts or ideas which concern me only.—Proper. Peculiar. So we have in Shakespeare their proper selves, my proper hand. But in I, i, 28, *proper* means *goodly*.

44. Soil. Tarnish, stain.—Behaviors. Shakespeare frequently uses the plural where the singular is generally employed. He means behavior on several occasions.

51. By means whereof. And through this mistake.

56. Just. Quite true.

61. Where. Of instances in which.—Respect. Highest note or distinction.

64. His. Probably written carelessly for *their*.

Page 43. 73. Be not jealous on me. Be not suspicious of me. So we also find in Shakespeare, revenged on her death, fond on her, command upon me.

74. Did use. Were accustomed.

75. To stale. Make stale or common.

78. After. Afterward.—Scandal. Speak evil of.

79. Profess myself, etc. Show I profess friendly feeling for any one at a banquet.

80. Rout. A mixed assembly.

89. Indifferently. Impartially.

90. Speed. Prosper. Cf. God-speed, a phrase very common in Bunyan.

93. Outward favor. Personal appearance.

Page 44. 97. I had as lief. I would prefer. *Had* is here an old subjunctive, like the German *hätte*; and *lief* (O. E. *leof*) is an old adjective, meaning *dear*.

103. Chafing with. That is, lashing the banks with violence, as if angry with them for restraining it.

111. Hearts of controversy. With hearts that opposed and fought against the violence of the stream.

112. Arrive. Strive at, reach; Lat. *adripare*, to come to the bank (*ripa*). So Dr. Abbott (sect. 198) gives in Milton, to creep the ground, to tower the sky; and in Shakespeare, aspire the clouds, depart the city, etc.

114. Æneas. Son of Anchises and Venus. At the sack and burning of Troy, he carried off his father Anchises on his shoulders. He is the hero of Virgil's *Æneid*, and the Romans regarded him as the founder of their nation.

Page 45. 124. Color fly. That is, became white. The metaphor is taken from cowardly soldiers flying from their colors.

126. His. Its; the neuter possessive pronoun is rarely used by Shakespeare. It is not to be found in the Bible of 1611. Its use became general only in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

131. Temper. Constitution of body, temperament.

132. Get the start of. Outstrip.—The majestic world. In contrast to "a man of such a feeble temper"; just as in line 137 it is "the narrow world," while Cæsar is a Colossus. (Cl. P. S.)

138. A Colossus. The Colossus at Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. It was an immense brazen statue that, according to tradition, spanned the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes, the chief city in the island of Rhodes, in the Ægean Sea. Ships entering the harbor had to sail between the legs of this statue. It was 105 feet high, and was ascended by a winding staircase. The name of this statue became a generic name for any very large statue; and hence, too, the meaning of the word *colossal*.

142. **Our stars.** The planets seen in the heavens at the time of one's birth.

143. **Underling.** A double diminutive. *El* we find in *pickarel*, *losel*, etc. *Ing* in O. E.=son of. The two together now mark a contemptuous diminutive, as in *lordling*, *witling*, *weakling*; but not always, since we have *darling* (=dearling), *yearling*, *foundling*, etc.

148. **Conjure.** Try to raise the dead by means of the names, as ancient conjurers pretended to do.

Page 46. 153. **Noble bloods.** Patricians of high lineage, men of renown.

154. **Since the great flood of Deucalion and Pyrrha.** In Greek mythology, a flood covered the whole world and destroyed all mankind except Deucalion, king of Thessaly, and his wife Pyrrha.

158. **Rome indeed, and room.** *Room* was the old pronunciation of *Rome*, even up to the nineteenth century. Earl Russell, who died in 1877, always said *Room*.

161. **Brutus.** Junius Brutus, who was the first Roman consul after the expulsion of the kings, and from whom the Marcus Brutus in the play claimed descent.—**Brooked.** Tolerated.

162. **Eternal.** With perpetual dominion.—**His state.** His high position of governing power.

164. **Nothing jealous.** I have no reason to doubt that you love me. (Abbott, sect. 55.) For this adverbial use of *nothing*, compare I *Henry IV* (III, i):—

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge.

165. **Work me to.** Incite me to do.—**Aim.** Idea or guess.

168. **So.** Provided that.

173. **Chew.** Ruminates, ponder deeply over.

175. **Repute.** Account. *To* is frequently by Shakespeare omitted and inserted with infinitives in the same sentence.

176. **As.** That.

Page 47. 183. **Proceeded.** Taken place, happened.—**Worthy.** Shakespeare very frequently uses *worthy* without *of*.

186. **A chidden train.** A company of men who have been scolded.

188. **Ferret . . . eyes.** That is, eyes of a red color, with a keen sight like those of the animal.

195. **Sleep o' nights.** *Of* was used in older English for *during*; and we still have it in expressions like "He comes here of a Sunday." Cf. of a sudden. (Abbott, sect. 176.)

199. **Well given.** Well disposed.

201. Yet, if my name, etc. Yet if a man who bears such a name as I, were capable of fear.

206. He hears no music. He does not care about music; so in the *Merchant of Venice* (V. i. 83-88):—

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

Page 48. 208. Scorned his spirit. Despised himself.

210. Be. Used instead of *are*, for the sake of euphony. *Be* is English; *are* is a Danish word, formerly *er*.

211. Whiles. An O. E. genitive, so long as, while; O. E. *hwil* time. Hence the phrase, *to while away the time*.

215. For this ear is deaf. This, like Cicero's ferret eyes, is a touch of Shakespeare's own. (Cl. P. S.)

220. Sad. Grave, weighed down with thought.

231. Marry. Marie or Mary, an appeal to the Virgin Mary.

233. Honest. Used in a patronizing way.

Page 49. 242. Fain. Joyfully, gladly. O. E. *faegen* joyful. An O. E. hard *g* was frequently changed into an *i*, as from *nagel* and *hagel* we have *nail* and *hail*.

244. Loth. Unwilling. O. E. *lath*.—To lay his fingers off it. To keep from fingering or touching it.

246. By. Aside.—Still. Continually.

247. Rabblement. A noisy crowd; Dutch *rabbelen*, to gabble. *Rabblement* is a hybrid word; it is a Teutonic word with a Latin suffix, *mentum*.—Chopped hands. From working hard; hardly applicable to the Roman rabblement, who did no work at all.

251. Swounded. Swooned. The *d* comes after the liquid, as in *sound* (from Fr. *son*), *thunder*, from O. E. *thuner*, *gender* from Fr. *genre*.

255. The market-place. The Roman Forum, which occupied the low ground extending from the Capitoline Hill toward the low ridge of the Velia. (Co. S.)

256. At mouth. Cf. at ease. Compare the phrase *at mouth* with others from Shakespeare; at door, at palace, at bright, on knees.

257. Like. Often used for *likely*.—The falling-sickness. Epilepsy. The *Comitia*, or general assembly of the Roman people, was stopped if any one present was attacked by this illness; hence the disease was called *Morbus comitialis*. Suetonius, in his *Life*

of *Julius Cæsar*, states that "he was on two occasions attacked by the comital sickness during the course of public business."

Page 50. 268. Plucked me. This is a vivid and colloquial use of the word *me*, and is called by some grammarians the ethical dative. Shakespeare used it frequently. Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (IV, iv), he says: "He steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg." So too, "peels me," "knocks me."—**Ope.** Open.—**Doublet.** Outer garment.

269. **An.** If.

270. **Occupation.** The word is here used with a sneering reference to himself, and seems to have a double meaning. "If I had been a mechanic, like the others," and "If I had been a practical man, with an eye for an opportunity."

274. **Worship**=worthship. The word *ship* is found in several forms in English. It is the noun from the verb *shape* (O. E. *scyppan*). With *land* it appears as *scape* (landscape; Milton writes *landskip*); in other words as *ship*, e. g., lordship.

288. **It was Greek.** Quite unintelligible. Though here, as in other places, Casca talks with an assumed ignorance, he, like other well educated Romans, knew Greek.

Page 51. 296. Your mind hold. You are still inclined to have my company.

301. **Quick mettle.** A lively fellow. Cf. note on I, i, 64.

304. **However.** Although.—**Tardy form.** Slow way of speaking and acting. Shakespeare is fond of throwing the emphatic noun into the form of an adjective. Thus he speaks of the "shady stealth" (=stealing shadow) of a dial; and in *The Merchant of Venice*, the "sad ostent" of Antonio means the appearance of sadness.

305. **Sauce.** From Latin *salsum*, something salted. The *l* has been changed into *u*, as in French *saumon*, *chaud* (*calidus*), *beau* (=bellus), etc.

312. **Of the world.** Present state of political affairs.

315. **From that it is disposed.** Supply *to*.

316. **Likes.** We have a few English adjectives used as nouns in the plural, as *goods*, *greens*, etc. In some parts of England the phrase is still found, "the likes of you."

317. **Seduce.** From Latin *ducere*, to lead, and *se*, aside.

320. **He should not humor me.** Should not influence me nor try to change my mind by taking notice of my likings or dislikings.

321. **Hands.** Handwritings.

Page 52. 326. Seat him. A reflexive verb, equivalent to *sit*.

327. **Endure.** We will either shake him or endure worse days in suffering the consequences of our attempt.

SCENE III

1. Brought you, etc. Did you escort Cæsar to his house?
 3. Sway of earth. All the steady and equable movement of the earth. The *y* represents an old hard *g*, which reappears in *swagger*.

4. Unfirm. Unsteady, unstable. *Un* is the English negative prefix; *in* is the Latin. But *unfirm* here is = not firm; while *infirm* would be = weak.

6. Rived. Modern form *riven*, which is never used by Shakespeare. Danish *rive*. From this verb comes *rift*; as from *thrive* we have *thrift*; from *drive*, *drift*, etc.

8. Exalted with. Raised as high as. From Latin *altus*, high.

14. Anything more wonderful. Supply "that was" after *more*, using *more* in the sense of *else*. Dr. Abbott thinks it means, more wonderful than usual; Delius, more wonderful than what you have already told me.

Page 53. 20. Against. Over against, or right opposite to.

21. Who glared. *Who* is often used of animals, particularly in similes when they are compared to men. (Abbott, sect. 264.)

22, 23. Drawn upon a heap. Drawn together into a mass.

26. Bird of night. The screech-owl.

31. Portentous. Things of portent or evil omen. From Latin *pro*, forth, and *tendere*, to stretch.

32. Climate. Country. In Shakespeare's time the word *climate* had no reference to differences of temperature. (Craik.)

—Point upon. Indicate.

33. Strange-disposed. Strangely disposed.

34. Construe things . . . fashion. Explain things in their own way.

35. Clean, etc. Quite away from and contrary to their real meaning.

42. What night. What a night. Shakespeare frequently omits *a* after *what*, in the sense of *what kind of*. (Abbott, sect. 86.)

Page 54. 47. Submitting me. Exposing myself.

48. Unbraced. Shakespeare, in matters of dress, speaks of the costume of his own time. (Cl. P. S.)

49. The thunder-stone. Thunder-bolt.

50. Cross. Zigzag. So, in *King Lear* (IV, vii, 35), we have:—

The most terrible and nimble stroke.

60. Case yourself in wonder. Dress yourself in wonder. (Cl. P. S.)

61. Strange impatience. Strange, unsettled state of the heavens.

64. **From quality and kind.** Contrary to their real nature; analogous to, a wall *off the perpendicular*, where a preposition and noun=an adjective.—**From** is frequently used by Shakespeare in the sense of *apart from, away from*. Thus in *Hamlet*, "Anything so overdone is *from* the purpose of playing." (Abbott, sect. 158.)

65. **Fool.** Play the fool.—**Calculate.** Reflect, or become unnaturally reflective.

67. **Pre-formed faculties.** Faculties intended by original design for certain special ends. (Cl. P. S.)

68. **Monstrous quality.** The quality or condition of monsters.

Page 55. 71. **Monstrous state.** State in an abnormal condition.

76. **Prodigious grown.** Grown portentous.

79. **Let it be who it is.** It is of no consequence who it is.

80. **Thews.** Sinews; the word *thigh*, O. E. *theoh*, is related to it.

81. **Woe the while!** Alas for the evil time on which we have fallen. *While* is here in the dative case, as in the phrase, *Woe is me!* (=to me).

83. **Sufferance.** What we endure.

94. **Retentive to.** Capable of keeping in.

Page 56. 113. **My answer must be made.** I must be *answerable*, or take the consequences.

115, 116. **Such . . . that.** We would now say "such . . . as." But *such . . . that* is common in Shakespeare. (Abbott, sect. 279.)—**Fleering.** Jeering, gibing.—**Hold, my hand.** Here is my hand as a pledge.

117. **Be factious.** Get up a faction, or opposition party.—**Griefs.** Grievances.

122. **Undergo.** Undertake.

123. **Honorable-dangerous.** Such compound epithets are usual with Shakespeare. Thus we find: more active-valiant, or more valiant-young (1 *Henry IV*, V, i), crafty-sick, senseless-obstinate, silly-stately, etc. (Abbott, sect. 2.)—**Consequence.** Result.

125. **In Pompey's porch.** The meeting place of the conspirators. It was a building adjoining a theater which Pompey had built. Cf. line 151 of this scene.

127. **The element.** The air.

Page 57. 128. **In favor.** In appearance.

130. **Stand close.** Keep out of sight. *Close* is from Lat. *claudo*, I shut, through the French. Hence *close* and *clause* are the same word in different forms. From the same root we have *enclose*, *close* (a cathedral *close*).

134. Incorporate to. One who has a hand in, or is privy to—a fellow-conspirator.

135. Stayed for. Expected.

136. I am glad on't. This is said in reply to the first remark, that Casca is "one of us."

137. There's two or three. "When the subject is as yet *future*, and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular may be regarded as the normal inflection."

142. Prætor's chair. Where the *prætor urbanus*, or city magistrate, sat to try cases. The *prætor urbanus* was the chief magistrate in the administration of justice.

143. Where Brutus may but find it. Where Brutus alone, or only, may find it. Dr. Abbott thinks the phrase is= cannot but find. Professor Craik conjectures that *but* is a misprint for *best*.

147. Is at the beginning of a question in Shakespeare has often many subjects attached to it. See line 137.

Page 58. 154. Is ours. *Three parts*, or the sum of three parts, forms the subject to *is*.

155. Next encounter (=meeting) yields him ours. The next meeting makes him completely one of our party.

158. Countenance. Support.—Alchemy, which changes inferior metals into gold.

161. Right well conceited. Formed a good idea of.

ACT II

SCENE I

Page 59. Orchard. Garden.

1. What. An interjection.

3. Give guess how near to day. Guess how near daylight it is.

10. It (the delivery of Rome from tyranny) must be by his (Cæsar's) death.

11. Spurn at. Be angry with.

12. For the general. On account of the community at large, the people. Cf. *Hamlet* (II, ii, 457): "For the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general."

14. The bright day. The sunshine of prosperity.—Brings forth. From its lurking-place.

15. Craves. Calls for or demands. A *craven* is a man who has craved for his life, hence a *coward*.—Wary walking. Cautious movements.—That. Yes, or grant *that* we do.

17. Do danger with. Do mischief with.

Page 60. 19. Remorse. Tender feeling, compassion.

21. **A common proof.** A matter of common experience.
26. **Degrees.** Steps.
28. **Prevent.** Hinder him from doing so.—**Quarrel.** A cause of complaint against Cæsar.
29. **Will bear no color.** Can carry upon the face of it no pretext for putting him out of the way. Briefly, the clause means: Since the complaint can have no plausible pretext in what he (Cæsar) now is. . . .
30. **Fashion it thus.** Let us put it in this way.—**Augmented.** Cæsar's power increased.
31. **These and these extremities.** Such and such lengths.
33. **As his kind.** This may mean either "according to his nature," or "like the rest of his species."
- Page 61. 44. **Exhalations.** Meteors.
47. **Redress.** Redress our grievances.
49. **Instigations.** From Lat. *instigo*, to prick on. The *stig* in *instigo* is found also in the Greek *stigma* and the Lat. *stimulus*.
51. **Piece it out.** Make it into a whole thought.
52. **One man's awe.** The awe of or for one man. The subjective genitive is here used instead of the objective with *of*. Cf. God's fear=the fear of God.
56. **I make thee promise.** I make a promise to thee, or I promise thee (dative).
64. **Motion.** Impulse toward it.
65. **Phantasma.** A creature of the imagination. From Greek *phainō*, I show. Hence also *phantasy* (contracted into *fancy*), *phantom*, *phantastic*, *phenomenon*, etc.
66. **The genius and the mortal instruments.** The reasonable soul and the bodily powers. (Cl. P. S.)
- Page 62. 68. **Suffers.** Undergoes.
69. **The nature of, etc.** A kind of insurrection.
70. **Your brother (-in-law) Cassius.** The wife of Cassius was Junia, sister of Brutus.
72. **Moe.** More.
73. **Plucked about.** Pulled down over.
75. **That.** So that.—**May discover.** *May* originally meant *to be able*; and we still have this meaning in the two nouns from it, *might* and *main*.
76. **Any mark of favor.** Features. Cf. I, ii, 93.
77. **Faction.** Band of conspirators.
78. **Sham'st thou.** Art thou ashamed.
79. **Evils.** Evil things.
83. **Path, etc.** Walk or march openly in thy natural form.
84. **Erebus.** The third of the five divisions of Hades, the unseen world.

85. From prevention. From being found out.

86. Are too bold upon your rest. Have too boldly intruded on your slumbers.

Page 63. 90. And (there is) no man.

98. Watchful cares. Cares that keep you *awake*.

104. Fret. Break the edges of the clouds.

107. Growing on. Getting nearer to.

108. Weighing. Considering.—Youthful season. Spring; month, March; day, 15th.

110. Presents his fire. Shows his rays.

Page 64. 115. The sufferance of our souls. What our souls suffer.—The time's abuse. The abuses, or corruptions, of the time.

116. Break off betimes. Go away at once.

117. Hence. Be off.—Idle. Where he may lie in idleness; or unoccupied. (Co. S.)

118. High-sighted tyranny. Tyranny with lofty looks.

119. Drop by lottery. Fall and die by the chance determination of the tyrant—as accidentally, to all appearance, as if he had drawn lots.—These. These considerations which I have urged.

123. What. Why.

124. Other bond (need we).

125. Secret Romans. Romans who can keep a secret; modern form *secretive*.

126. Palter. To trifle, babble, equivocate. The meaning is shown in *Macbeth* (V, viii, 19):—

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope.

127. Honesty to honesty engaged. Honest men pledged to honest men.

129. Swear. Used here transitively; as we say, “swear him to secrecy.”—Cautelous. Suspicious, and deceitful.

130. Carrions. Carcasses, a contemptuous epithet.

132. Doubt. From Lat. *dubito*, from *duo*, two. Cf. Ger. *zweifel*, from *zwei*.

133. Even. Stainless, unblemished, without a flaw.

134. Insuppressive. That cannot be kept under or subdued.

135. To think. By thinking.—Our cause (which is so good), or our performance (the resolute way in which we will act in fighting against tyranny), need any oath to keep us up to the mark.

138. **Several bastardy.** Each individual drop of blood is to be considered as guilty of a separate (*several*) act of ill-faith, which proves it to be illegitimate.

141. **Sound.** There are four words of this spelling in our language. *Sound*, from Latin *sonus*, a sound (Chaucer always writes *soun*); *sound* (=whole), from Latin *sanus* (hence *sanity*, etc.); *sound*, a narrow strait (said to come from O. E. *sund*=*swund*=what can be swum across); and *sound*, to measure the depth of, from Low Lat. *subundare*, to put under the wave.

Page 65. 144. **Silver** suggests *purchase* and *buy*. (Cl. P. S.)

147. **Ruled our hands.** Directed or influenced us.

148. **No whit.** In nothing.

150. **Let us not break with him.** Let us not communicate our plans to him. In modern English it would have been: Let us not break (the matter) *to* him.

157. **Of him,** that is, in him.

158. **A shrewd contriver.** A clever and mischievous schemer. The original meaning of *shrewd* seems to have been *evil*, *mischievous*; then *cunning*.

164. **Envy.** Malice. Cf. *Merchant of Venice* (IV, i, 10):—

Carry me out of his envy's reach.

Page 66. 169. **Come by.** Come at, get possession of; still in use.

180. **Purgers.** Purifiers of the land from tyranny. Cf. "Pride's Purge"; that is, the clearing out of the Long Parliament by Colonel Pride.

187. **Take thought.** Fall into a melancholy state, become subject to care. Cf. 1 *Samuel* ix, 5: "Let us return; lest my father leave caring for the asses, and *take thought* for us." And *Hamlet* (IV, v, 188):—

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself

She turns to favor and to prettiness.

188. **That were much he should.** It would be a hard thing for him to do.

190. **There is no fear in.** We need not be afraid of him. Here *fear* is used in the objective, not in the subjective sense.

Page 67. 196. **Quite (away) from.** Cf. *King John* (IV, i):—

I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

—**Main opinion.** Strong opinion.

197. **Fantasy.** Imagination; now shortened into *fancy*.—**Ceremonies.** Religious rites and signs.

198. **Apparent prodigies.** Prodigies, or portents, which are *appearing*. Here the participle ending *ent* (=Lat. *ens*) has its real force.

200. **Augurers** (more commonly *augurs*). Soothsayers, a kind of prophets who judged of coming events by the notes and flight of birds, the behavior of the sacred chickens while pecking their corn, etc.

203. **O'ersway**. Persuade him over to a different course.

204. **Unicorns betrayed with trees**, etc. These devices are described by Pliny. In order to capture the unicorn (rhinoceros, or rather monoceros), the hunter ran behind a tree, against which the animal rushed violently, so that his horn stuck in the tree. A mirror was placed before the bear; and while he gazed on it, the hunter was enabled to take sure aim. Elephants were betrayed into holes slightly covered.

206. **Toils**. Nets, traps, pitfalls.

212. **There**. At Cæsar's house, not at the Capitol.

216. **Who**. Because he. Cf. *Lear* V, iii, 48.—**Rate** (from Lat. *reor, ratus, reri*, to think) is used also by Shakespeare in the sense of *to value*. Here it means *to blame* or *chide*.

218. **By him**. By his house.

220. **Fashion him**. Shape him to our purposes.

Page 68. 225. **Put on**. Betray.

227. **Formal constancy**. Dignified self-possession.

235. **Commit**. Often used by Shakespeare in the sense of *entrust*. Thus, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (II, ii): "Commit yourself into the hands of one that loves you not."

240. **Across**. Folded.

245. **Yet . . . yet**. Still . . . still.

Page 69. 246. **Wafture**. Waving. *Wave* is also used by Shakespeare as = to beckon. From *wave* comes *waft*; as from *drive, drift; rive, rift*, etc.

250. **Humor**. Moody whim.

253. **Shape**. Personal appearance.

254. **Condition**. Temper, disposition.

255. **Dear my lord**. My dear lord; not an uncommon transposition. Dr. Abbott, sect. 13, says: "The possessive adjectives, when unemphatic, are sometimes transposed, being readily combined with nouns, like the Fr. *monsieur, milord*." And he gives: Good my brother, sweet my mother, poor our sex, good your highness, good my girl.

259. **Come by it**. Be restored to health.

261. **Physical**. Belonging to physic; that is, hygienic, tending to health.

262. **Unbraced**. Cf. I, iii, 48.

263. **Dank**. A form of *damp*.

264. **Wholesome**. From *heal*, and connected with *health, healthy*, etc.

266. **Rheumy.** Tending to colds, catarrh, rheumatism, etc.
 —**Unpurged.** Unpurified.

268. **Sick offence.** Cause of harm.

271. **I charm you.** I beseech you by charms. *Charm* comes through Fr., from the Lat. *carmen*, a song. Milton hence uses it in its literal sense when he speaks of "the charm of early birds."

275. **Heavy.** With sorrow.

Page 70. 276. **Had resort to.** Come to visit.

283. **Sort.** In some degree, in a kind of way.—**Limitation.** Within certain bounds.

285. **In the suburbs.** Not in your heart, not in the center.

297. **Fathered.** A past participle made out of a noun. Cf. landed, talented, broad-acred.

299. **Have made strong proof of my constancy.** Have put my strength of will to a severe proof. "His wife Portia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and gests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed, before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvelously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O Brutus,' said she, 'the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee, to be partaker with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for myself, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee and how much I would do for thy sake. I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet, Brutus, good education and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, the wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.'"—Plutarch, *Marcus Brutus*.

Page 71. 307. All my engagements. All I am pledged to others to do.—Construe. Explain.

308. The charactery of. The marks or lines of thought traced. From Gr. *charactēr*, a mark engraved; from *charasso*, I engrave.

311. Caius Ligarius. A mortal enemy of Cæsar's.

313. Vouchsafe. Deign to accept.

315. Wear a kerchief. Badge of a sick person. *Kerchief* is from Fr. *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head.

321. Discard my sickness. Ligarius throws off his kerchief. *Discard*, originally meant to *throw* useless cards out of the hand.

323. Exorcist. The general meaning attached to this word is one who lays spirits. Shakespeare always uses it in an opposite sense, one who raises them.

Page 72. 324. Mortified spirit. The spirit that was dead within me.

331. To whom. To him to whom.—Set on your foot. Lead on.

SCENE II

1. Nor heaven nor earth have been. Shakespeare generally uses the singular, but sometimes the plural with *nor*, *nor*.

5. Present. Immediate.

6. Success. Good fortune. *Success* (from Lat. *succedere*, to come after) means literally *issue* or *result*. Shakespeare has both the phrases *bad success* and *good success*.

Page 73. 11. Ne'er looked but on my back. That is, they had not the daring to confront me.

13. I never stood on ceremonies. I never attached any importance to religious signs, such as those seen and reported by augurs.

22. Hurtled. Clashed, as with weapons coming heavily together.

25. Use. Custom, usage, ordinary occurrence.

27. Whose end. The end of which. The subjective genitive *whose* is employed for the objective genitive.

Page 74. 49. Consumed in confidence. Used up in rashness.

Page 75. 67. Afeared. Afraid. Both forms are found in Shakespeare.—Graybeards. The senators; the word is used in a contemptuous sense.

75. Stays. Keeps, detains. *Stay* is generally in Shakespeare an intransitive verb; but he frequently makes it transitive, in the sense of *to keep from falling*, *to keep back*, *to detain*.

76. To-night. Said of the night just past.

Page 76. 89. Cognizance. An heraldic emblem, or badge,

worn by the members of a particular family or party. In a technical sense, tinctures are the metals, colors, and furs of heraldry. The thought in this passage is that men will strive to get relics as a memorial of Cæsar.

93. Know is in the imperative mood.

96. A mock. A jibe, a piece of ridicule or derision.

97. Apt to be rendered. Likely to be made.

103. Proceeding. Your political life or career.

104. And reason to my love is liable. My reason is under control of, and subservient to, my love.

Page 77. 108. Publius. Perhaps the nephew of Mark Antony.

110. Stirred. Up, out of bed.

119. I am to blame. I ought to be blamed.

Page 78. 128. That every like is, etc. That things which look like one another are not the same. Cæsar said *like friends*, and Brutus regrets that they are not really friends. The adjective *like* is used as a noun. (Abbott, sect. 5.) Cf. *Measure for Measure* (II, iv):—

Say what you can, my *false* o'erweighs your *true*.

129. Yearns. Grieves. It is frequently confounded with *yearn*, to long for. Shakespeare always uses the word in the sense of *to grieve* or *vex*; and in the old edition it is spelled *ern* or *earn*.

SCENE III

7. Security. Freedom from care, false confidence. The word comes from the Lat. *sine curâ*, without care. *Sine* is shortened into *se*, and this gives the adjective *securus*, which originally had the subjective sense of *free from care*, not the objective modern sense of *safe*. The two meanings are well illustrated in a line of Ben Jonson's:—

Men may securely sin, but safely never.

—Gives way to conspiracy. Allows conspiracies to be formed, opens the way for them.

8. Lover. Friend.

12. Emulation. Jealous or malicious rivalry. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida* (II, ii, 212):—

Whilst emulation in the army crept.

14. The Fates. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—divinities of the unavoidable.—Contrive. Hatch plots.

SCENE IV

Brutus has in the meantime told the secret of the conspiracy to his wife, who is distracted by the possession of it. She sends off the errand-boy without having given him any message.

Page 79. 6. Constancy. Firmness of purpose, of which she had boasted to her husband.

18. Bustling rumor. Noise of tumult. *Rumor* is here used in its primary sense of *noise*.

20. Sooth. In sooth; lit. in truth, from O. E. *sodh*, true.

Page 80. 31. Know'st thou. *Thou* used to strangers who were not inferiors was an insult. "If thou *thou*st him thrice, it shall not be amiss" (*Twelfth Night*, III, ii) is the advice given to Sir Andrew Aguecheek when on the point of writing a challenge. —**Harm's intended.** That is intended. Cf. the expression, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

37. Void. Open.

42. Brutus hath a suit. This is said to lull any suspicions that the boy might be disposed to form from the strange conduct of Portia.

45. Merry had a wider sense in Shakespeare's time. An ordinary compliment was, "God rest you merry."

ACT III

SCENE I

Page 81. The murder of Cæsar took place in the Curia of Pompey, not in the Capitol. But this error in historical statement was a time-honored one in England.

3. Schedule. A small leaf of paper. From Lat. *schedula*, the diminutive of *scheda*, a strip of papyrus.

4. O'er-read. Read and attentively consider.

8. Ourself. *Self* is here a noun. It is used for *myself* in Shakespeare by persons of high rank. Cf. *Richard II* (I, iv):—

We will ourself in person to this war.

—**Served.** Attended to.

10. Sirrah. Dr. Schmidt remarks that this word is never found in the plural, and that it is "a compellation used in addressing comparatively inferior persons." —**Give place.** Make room, get out of this place.

Page 82. 18. Makes to Cæsar. Advances toward him. Cf. Sonnet LX, i:—

As the waves make towards the pebbled shore.

19. **Sudden.** Quick in execution. Cf. *King John* (IV, i), "Therefore I will be sudden and despatch."—**Prevention.** Casca was to strike first. Shakespeare used *prevent* (Lat. *prevenire*, to come before) in its primary and literal sense, as we find it in the Prayer-book, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." Cf. *Hamlet* (II, ii, 305), "So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery." And in this play, V, i, 103.

21. **Cassius or Cæsar, etc.** Either Cassius or Cæsar shall never return alive. (Cl. P. S.)

22. **Constant.** Steady, firm in mind.

28. **Presently.** Now or immediately. But Shakespeare also uses it in the modern sense of *shortly, soon*.—**Prefer.** Present.

29. **Addressed.** Ready.

Page 83. 36. Couchings. Humiliating and cringing attitudes, prostrations. Shakespeare uses the word also in the sense of "to fawn in order to obtain something."

38. **Pre-ordinance and first decree.** What has been ordained and decreed since the creation of man.

39. **Law of children.** Mere childish caprices.—**Be not (so) fond.** Do not be so foolish as.

42. **With.** By. This is a very frequent use of *with* in Shakespeare. Thus in *Much Ado* (V, i), "We had our two noses snapped off with two old men;" and in *Twelfth Night* (I, v), "I saw him put down with an ordinary fool." And such phrases as "backed with France," "torn to pieces with a bear," and "marred with traitors."

43. **Low-crooked.** Bending low.

47. **Know . . . satisfied.** Ben Jonson gives us another version of this passage—"Many times he [Shakespeare] fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" Again, in the Induction to *The Staple of News*, Jonson makes *Prologue* say, "Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause." It was somewhat invidious and ungracious in Jonson to publish such a comment after Shakespeare's death, and many years after the publication of the play, *in which no such passage appears*. It may have been altered, or the blunder may have been that of a player when Jonson happened to be in the theatre. Gifford supposed Shakespeare to have originally written the passage thus:—

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him.

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.

The passage, as it now stands, Gifford set down as the "botchery" of the players, and it wanted, he said, both congruity and poetry. It is extremely improbable that the players should have made any such alteration, Jonson's criticism not being published before 1623; and there is in reality no incongruity in the passage. Cæsar asks what is amiss that he must redress, upon which Metellus comes forward. Cæsar then interrupts him, and assuming that Metellus wishes to sue on behalf of his brother, who has been banished, he spurns him away; adding

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

51. **Repealing.** Recalling from exile, a very frequent meaning in Shakespeare. Lat. *re*, back, and *appello*. I call. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (V, iv):—

Repeal thee home again.

54. **Freedom of repeal.** Liberty to come back, permission for recall from banishment. *Freedom* is here used in the sense of *franchise* or *warranted right*.

57. **Enfranchisement.** Recall from banishment. Generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of *release from prison or slavery*, or of *recall from exile*.

58. **Well moved.** Easily persuaded.—As. Such a one as.

59. **If I could pray to move.** If my prayers could have influence over others. If I could pray others to move from their purpose, as you do. (Cl. P. S.)

61. **Resting.** Not subject to motion or change.

Page 84. 65. **One in all.** The pole or northern star.

67. **Apprehensive.** Of quick intelligence, endowed with apprehension. Shakespeare never uses the word in the modern sense of *fearful*. Sometimes it means *imaginative*.

69. **Holds on his rank.** Keeps his place, and hence is firm in his purpose.

70. **Unshaked of motion.** Unshaken in his motion.

74. **Olympus.** The extreme eastern part of the great chain of mountains which formed the northern boundary of ancient Greece was called Olympus. Its shape was that of a blunt cone, about 9,700 feet high, and it was covered with perpetual snow. It was regarded as the chief seat of the gods.

75. **Bootless kneel.** Kneel to no purpose.

76. **Speak, hands.** Casca invokes the aid of his hands to strike a trusty blow.

77. **Et tu, Brute!** And you too, Brutus! According to Suetonius, Cæsar never uttered a word when the conspirators were despatching him. *Et tu, Brute!*—this expression is not in Plutarch,

but it occurs in the old play, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, on which the Third Part of *King Henry VI* was founded: "*Et tu, Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar, too?*"

80. **Pulpits.** The rostra, from which the orators addressed the people. These stood in the Forum. They were called *rostra* (beaks), because they were adorned with the beaks of ships and other naval trophies. In III, ii, 65, the phrase *public chair* is used.

Page 85. 86. **Confounded . . . mutiny.** Dazed with this uproar or commotion.

91. **Nor to no.** Nor to any. The genuine English custom is to make negatives intensify each other; the Latin idiom is to make them nullify each other. Milton prefers the Latin usage: "Nor did they not perceive him" = They did see him. But Chaucer has as many as four negatives in one couplet:—

He never yit no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf unto no maner wight.

94. **Abide this deed.** Await the consequences of this deed.

101. **Stand upon.** Attach importance to.

Page 86. 114. **Accents.** Language.

116. **Pompey's basis.** The plinth, or pedestal, on which Pompey's statue stood.

118. **Knot.** Band, because knit together in unity of feeling.

123. **A friend of Antony's.** After Cæsar's assassination, the conspirators, according to Plutarch, retired to the Capitol, whither they were followed by Antony's son.

132. **Resolved.** Informed.

Page 87. 137. **Thorough.** Through; spelt so when a dissyllable. Shakespeare frequently uses this form for *through*.—**Untrod state** which we have now entered upon.

141. **So please him come.** If it please him to come.

144. **Well to friend.** As a good friend to our party. Cf. the German *zum Freunde*. Shakespeare frequently uses *to* in this way.

146. **And my misgiving, etc.** My presentiment of evil always turns out to be very much to the purpose. (Cl. P. S.)—Still. Constantly.

151. **Little measure.** The size of Cæsar's corpse.

153. **Let blood.** Bled to death, murdered. Shakespeare uses this phrase four times. The most striking passage is in *Richard III* (III, i):—

Tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle.

—**Rank.** Quite diseased, and therefore requiring blood letting.

158. **Ye . . . you.** *Ye* is the usual nominative, and *you* the

objective, in older Eng. Dr. Abbott says, sect. 236, "*Ye* seems to be generally used in questions, entreaties, and rhetorical appeals." But, if an unaccented syllable or an unemphatic pronoun is wanted, *ye* is used.

159. **Reek.** O. E. *rec.* The Low-German form of the High-German *Rauch*. So Edinburgh is called Auld Reekie, and the capital of Iceland, Reikiavik=Smoke Town.

160. **Fulfil your pleasure.** Do what you will with me. *Were I* to live a thousand years, etc.

Page 88. 161. **Apt to die.** Fit for death; ready to die.

163. **By (=beside) Cæsar.—By you.** The means of his death.

172. The first **fire** is a dissyllable; the second a monosyllable. —**Pity** (drives out) **pity.** Pity for Rome causes us to have no pity toward her enemy.

175. **In strength of malice,** etc. Our arms, in the strength of their hatred of tyranny, and our hearts, with brotherly feeling, etc.

176. **In.** Into our hearts.

178. **Voice shall be as strong.** Opinion shall have as much weight.

182. **Deliver.** Tell.

Page 89. 193. **Conceit me.** Think that I am. *Conceit* is never used by Shakespeare in the modern sense. He uses it with four meanings: *conception, invention, mental power, or parts.* So, in still older English, "Dan Chaucer is a conceited clerk" = an educated person (clerk) of great ability.

197. **Dearer.** More keenly or acutely. Shakespeare uses the adjective *dear* of disagreeable feelings also. Cf. *Love's Labor's Lost* (Vi, i):—

Deafed with the clamor of their own dear groans.

203, 204. **Close in terms.** Come to terms. Cf. the ordinary phrase, *to close with.*

205. **Bayed.** Brought to bay, as a hunted creature by hounds.

207. **Signed.** Marked by thy blood.—**Spoil** appears to be a technical term for the division of the prey after it has been taken.

—**Lethe.** Delius supposes that, as Shakespeare elsewhere uses *Lethe* for one of the rivers of the infernal world, he here applies the term to the blood as the stream or river of death. But he may have derived it from the Lat. *letum*, death. Pope reads *death*.

208, 209. **Hart . . . heart.** A play on words, called by Coleridge a miserable quibble.

214. **Modesty.** Moderation.

Page 90. 217. **Pricked in.** Marked among. The ceremony

of pricking names written on a paper is still used in nominating sheriffs.

219. Therefore. For that purpose.

222. Upon (the strength of) this hope.

225. Regard. Consideration, capable of favorable consideration.

231. In the order of, etc. In the regular course of the ceremonies of the funeral.

236. By your pardon. With your leave.

Page 91. 242. True rites. Genuine and usual rites.

244. Fall. Happen. The more usual form is *befall*. Shakespeare sometimes drops the *be*, while he employs the verb as having the force of that prefix.

258. In the tide of times. Since the tide of time began to flow. The original meaning of *tide* was *time*; and it is the Low-German form of the High-German *Zeit*. It was afterwards appropriated to the regular flow of the sea. Shakespeare sometimes uses it in its older sense. Cf. *King John* (III, i):—

Set

Among the high tides in the calendar.

265. Cumber. Lie heavy on, and vex.

Page 92. 270. All pity (being) choked.—With custom. By the usualness.—Fell. Fierce or savage.

272. Até. The goddess of mischief. "Where did Shakespeare get acquainted with this divinity, whose name does not occur, I believe, in any Latin author?" (Craik.) In the Greek tragic writers she is the goddess of vengeance. She is four times mentioned by Shakespeare.

274. Havoc. From Welsh *hafog*, destruction; to *cry havoc* meant that no quarter was to be given to a vanquished enemy.—Let slip. As hounds are slipped from the leash. In an old book on the Art of Hunting (*Art of Venerie*) this sentence occurs: "We let slip a greyhound, and we cast off a hound."—Dogs of war. In the prologue to *Henry V*, Shakespeare calls "famine, sword, and fire" the hounds of war.

276. Groaning for burial. It is not an uncommon thing in some parts of the country still to say of a corpse which begins to show signs of decomposition that "it calls out loudly for the earth." (Cl. P. S.)

284. Passion. Deep grief, sorrow.

290. No Rome of safety. Play upon the word *room* and the pronunciation of *Rome*.

294. Take. Look upon or think of.

SCENE II

Page 93. 1. Satisfied. Have satisfaction and good reasons for the assassination of Cæsar.

10. Severally. Separately.

11. Is ascended. Verbs of motion in Shakespeare's time were construed with the verb *to be*, not with the verb *to have*. Cf. V, iii, 25 of this play. Shakespeare writes: is escaped, is entered into, are marched up, is rode, is stolen away, am declined. (Abbott, sect. 295.)

13. Brutus was a Stoic, and disdained popular arts. He was brought up by his uncle Cato in the old austere Roman manner. He neither showed emotion nor cared to excite it. It was said of him that, in speaking Greek, he preferred the brief, compressed (laconic) mode of the Lacedemonians. This speech is quite in that character.

16. Censure me. Judge my acts. In most instances in Shakespeare the noun *censure* means simply *opinion*, and the verb simply *to estimate*. In very few passages has it the modern meaning of *blame*.

17. Awake your senses. Keep your ears on the watch (= wake).

Page 94. 28. There is. A plural noun with a singular verb is common in Shakespeare. But, in fact, *es* was a plural in Old English; it was the plural of verbs in the Northern Dialect. Trevisa (writing in the fourteenth century) mentions that the English language was "a-deled a thré"—that is, in three dialects, the Northern, the Midland, and the Southern. The Northern formed the plural of its verbs in *es*; the Midland in *en*; and the Southern in *eth*.

40. The question, etc. How and why he was assassinated is formally explained and registered in the Capitol.

41. Extenuated. Lessened. (From Lat. *extenuo*, I make thin.)

42. Offences enforced. His sins too glaringly exposed, or exaggerated.

Page 95. 60. Grace. Honor.

63. Not a man depart. "This optative use of the subjunctive, dispensing with *let*, *may*, etc., gives great vigor to the Shakespearian line." (Abbott, sect. 365.) And he quotes *Othello* (I, ii):—

Judge me the world.

66. Chair. The rostra or "pulpit" from which Brutus had just spoken.

68. Beholding. Beholden, indebted. The form *beholding* is

found in Shakespeare nineteen times; but *beholden* not once (except in two quarto editions of one play—*Richard III*).

Page 96. 77. To bury Cæsar. As when Shakespeare talks of Cæsar's doublet, the clock striking, etc., so here he uses the customs of his own country. In Rome, bodies were burned.

80. So let it be with Cæsar. That is, let Cæsar's goodness be buried with him.

83. Answered. Atoned for.

90. Brutus is an honorable man. Antony constantly brings this statement of *opinion* regarding Brutus's character opposite to the statement of some *fact* favorable to Cæsar; and thus prepares the way for lessening and at length destroying the value of that opinion.

92. The general coffers. The public treasury.

94. When that. *So*, *as*, and *that* were used as suffixes to interrogatives for the purpose of turning them into relatives. Thus *whoso*, *whereas*, *when that*. In the same way we have *if that*, *though that*, *lest that*, etc. (Abbott, sect. 287.)

Page 97. 98. The Lupercal. A cave in which Romulus and Remus, according to tradition, were found. In this passage, *on the Lupercal* means "during the feast of the Lupercal."

117. Abide it. Suffer for it.

Page 98. 123. And none so poor to do him reverence. "And even the poorest man thinks himself too good—too superior—to show him any respect." (Delius.)

130. Than I will wrong. The construction requires *than to wrong*.

134. I do not mean to read. Here Antony excites their curiosity; and thus, unconsciously to themselves, makes his hearers desirous of his friendship.

140. Issue. Children.

Page 99. 153. I have o'ershot myself. I have gone too far.

155. Whose daggers. Here he calls up a strong and visible image of the actual stabbing, in order to excite disgust. The Fourth Citizen is by this time quite conquered.

169. Far. Probably a contraction of *farther*. From *farre*, the old comparative of *far*, found in Chaucer. So also *nerre* and *derre*, for *nearer* and *dearer*.

175. He overcame the Nervii. This battle was fought 57 B. C. It was perhaps the most desperate fight in which Cæsar was ever engaged. The Nervii—according to Plutarch, "the stoutest warriors of all the Belgæ"—lived in French Flanders and Hainault in Belgium. Plutarch adds, "They were all in a manner slain in the field." Antony thus appeals to the Romans' love of conquest and military fame.

Page 100. 181. As rushing. As if rushing.—To be resolved. To be informed if it were *Brutus* who, etc.

194. Flourished. Triumphed. It means "to thrive and be prosperous," while the rest of the state had "fallen down."

196. Dint. Impression. The primary meaning is a *stroke*; the secondary, an *impression of a blow*.

206. About! Let us be off.

Page 101. 211. Good friends. Antony now restrains them for a little, that he may make their rage greater.

218. I am no orator. Brutus had spoken in a stiff and formal manner; Antony's speech was the merest talk—the art which conceals art.

222. Wit. Ability. The earliest meaning is simply knowledge, or the power of knowing. Hence the senses were called the *five wits*. See *Romeo and Juliet* (I, iv). Then *wit* came to mean internal sense, as in *Much Ado About Nothing* (III, v): "His wits are not so blunt." Sometimes it means in Shakespeare the imaginative faculty, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (IV, ii): "It is past the wit of man to say what dream it was." Or it means common-sense, as in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (IV, iv): "If I had not had more wit than he." And so the word has gradually narrowed down to its modern meaning.

224. Right on. In a straightforward way.

Page 102. 244. Seventy-five drachmas. About \$11.

251. On this side Tiber. Cæsar's gardens and pleasure grounds were on the Janiculan Mount on the *farther* side of the Tiber, not on the side on which the Forum stood, where Antony's speech was delivered. North's *Plutarch* led Shakespeare wrong.

253. To walk abroad (in). Cf. "Arrive the point proposed," I, ii, 112.

Page 103. 268. Upon a wish. As soon as I have wished him.

272. Belike. Probably.

SCENE III

2. Charge my fantasy. Fill or burden my imagination.

3. Forth of. Out of.

Page 104. 9. Directly. Straightforwardly.

12. You were best. It were best for you. The old phrase, "Me were better" = "It were better for me," but was mistakenly changed to "I were better." And then "You were better" and "You were best" were introduced. In the same way, the modern "If you please" is not always seen to be = "If it please you."

19. You'll bear me a bang for that. You will have a blow from me for that.

25. For your dwelling. Tell us where you live.
 35. Turn him going. Send him "to the right about."

ACT IV

SCENE I

Page 106. The real scene of the meeting was not Rome, but an islet in the Reno, near Bologna, about 300 miles north from Rome.

6. **Damn him.** Condemn him to death. (Cl. P. S.)

9. **Charge.** Expense.

12. **Slight, unmeritable.** Insignificant and undeserving. The word *unmeritable* is found in only one other place in Shakespeare, *Richard III* (III, vii).

14. **Three-fold world.** Europe, Asia, and Africa.

15. **You thought him fit to have a share in the empire.**

17. **Proscription.** In this proscription there were put to death 2,000 knights and 300 senators.

Page 107. 27. **Graze in commons.** *In* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *on*. Cf. *Measure for Measure* (IV, ii): "There is written in your brow honesty and constancy;" and *Troilus and Cressida* (IV, ii): "Would he were knocked in the head."

30. **Appoint.** Order, assign. Cf. the phrase "armed and appointed will" frequently used by Shakespeare.

31. **It.** Used contemptuously.

32. **To wind.** Turn, wheel around.

33. **His corporal motion.** The motion of his body.

34. **Taste.** Sense.

38. **Staled.** Made common.

39. **Begin his fashion.** Are the beginning of a new fashion to him.

40. **Property.** Mere appendage, a piece of stage furniture. A property-man is one who has the charge of the appendages about a theater.

42. **Levying powers.** Raising troops.—**Make head.** Shakespeare uses the phrases *raise head*, *make head*, and *gather head*, for *to collect an army*.

46. **How.** The verb *consult*, upon which *how* depends, must be extracted from *sit in council*.

Page 108. 47. **Answered.** Met.

48. **At the stake.** As a bear or bull that is baited by dogs.

51. **Millions of mischiefs.** So Shakespeare has "a million of manners" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, i), "a million of beating;" and we speak of *the million*, for *the multitude*.

SCENE II

7. In his own change of disposition toward me.
 12. Regard and honor toward you.
 16. Familiar instances. Signs, tokens, or marks of familiarity.
 Page 109. 23. Hot at hand. Hard to be curbed or held in.
 25. Should endure. Come to endure.
 26. They fall. Let fall. Shakespeare frequently uses *fall* as a transitive verb.—Jade. A worthless or ill-trained horse.
 28. Sardis. Once the capital of Lydia; it stood at the foot of Mount Tmolus, on the river Pactolus. It is now a heap of ruins.
 40. Sober form. Unruffled countenance. Shakespeare frequently uses *form* for *behavior*.
 41. Be content. Calm yourself.
 Page 110. 42. Griefs. Grievances.
 46. Enlarge. Dwell upon them at large, state them to me in full.
 48. Charges. Divisions, troops the commanders have charge of.

SCENE III

1. That you have wronged me. The opening of this quarrel scene—one of the poet's most magnificent efforts—was suggested by North: "The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a prætor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto. . . . Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping."

2. Noted. Put a mark or stigma upon, branded with disgrace.
 4. Praying on his side. Taking his part.
 5. Slighted off. Put aside with easy contempt.
 8. Nice. Trifling, petty, insignificant.—Bear his comment. Be discussed and criticised. *His=its*. (Abbott, sect. 356.)
 10. Condemned to have. Condemned for having.—An itching palm. A greedy desire for money. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida* (II, i.):—

My fingers itch (to strike).

11. **Mart.** Make traffic of. *Mart* is a contracted form of *market*.

Page 111. 20. What villain, etc. Who of those that touched his body was such a villain that he stabbed for any other motive than justice? (Cl. P. S.)

30. To hedge me in. To put me under restraint.

32. Go to. An exclamation of impatience, like our familiar phrase, *Get out!*

36. Have mind upon your health. Take care of yourself; I shall have to attack you.

Page 112. 39. Choler. Anger.

44. Budge. Flinch from my resolution.

45. Observe you. Be always watching and adapting myself to your caprices.

47. Venom of your spleen. The poison of your anger. *Venom*, from Lat. *venenum*, poison. The old writers on physiology made the *spleen* the seat of the passions and emotions.

52. Vaunting. Boasting.

Page 113. 75. Indirection. Unfair or dishonorable means. Cf. the use of *directly* (=straightforwardly) in I, i, 12, and III, iii, 9. Cf. also Polonius's statement in *Hamlet* (II, i, 66):—

By indirections find directions out.

80. To lock. As to lock.—Rascal. Literally the scrapings and refuse of anything. A *rascal* in Shakespeare's time also meant a lean deer not fit to hunt or kill.—Counters here means *money*; literally they are round and flat pieces of bone or metal, used in calculations.

84. Rived. Torn or cleft; instead of *riven*.

Page 114. 97. Conned by rote. Learned by heart. *Con* is a form of *ken* and of *kn-ow*. Both come from O. E. *cunnan*, to know; and this word also gives us the words *cunning*, *can*, *knowledge*. *Rote* is from Lat. *rota*, a wheel.

101. Plutus. The god of riches.

107. Scope. Free range.

108. Dishonor shall be humor. Any indignity that you show me, shall be regarded as a mere passing feeling.

111. Enforced. Struck with violence.

112. Straight. At once.

Page 115. 119. Rash humor. Quick temper.

121. Over-earnest. Too eager.

132. Cynic. A snarling or rude fellow. The term comes from the Gr. *kuōn*, a dog, and was generally applied to the followers of Diogenes, who cultivated rude manners.

Page 116. 135. I'll know his humor. I will acknowledge

and make allowance for his humor, when he chooses the proper time to exercise it.

136. **Jigging fools.** Doggerel rhymesters. "In Shakespeare's time a jig did not always mean a dance; it sometimes meant a ballad, and the air to which it was sung." Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 108.

137. **Companion.** Fellow. The word is used in a contemptuous sense.

152. **Upon.** In consequence of.—**Impatient . . . grief.** Impatience and grief were the causes of her death. There is here a mixture of two constructions.

155. **Distract, etc.** Though Plutarch and numerous other ancient writers give this account of the death of Portia, it is more probable, from the correspondence of Cicero and notices in other works, that she died of a lingering illness after Brutus had left Italy.

Page 117. 166. **Call in question, etc.** Consider the critical position in which we are.

171. **Bending their expedition.** Directing their march on Philippi, a city in Macedonia, founded by Philip, father of Alexander the Great; now called Filibah or Felibejik.

179. **Proscriptions.** Here is a trisyllable; but in line 181 a quadrisyllable.

Page 118. 192. **Once.** At some time or other.

195. **In art.** Cassius had learned as much of this *by study* in the Stoic philosophy as Brutus, but his natural strength of mind could not bear it so composedly.

197. **Alive.** With the living; they had been talking about the dead.

202. **Doing himself offence.** Doing himself harm. But connect *offence* with *defence* in the next line. *They* will have been, as it were, fighting against themselves; *we* shall be full of the power of defence.

Page 119. 204. **Of force.** Of necessity.

206. **In a forced affection.** Not thoroughly well-disposed toward us. *Affection* and *contribution* have both the *-tion* as a dissyllable.

208. **By them.** Through their country. But the next *by them*=by their help.—**Make a fuller number up.** Obtain reinforcements.

215. **Tried the utmost of.** Put the most extreme pressure upon.

222. **Bound in shallows.** Hemmed in by shallows.

225. **Ventures.** What we have risked. *Venture* was in Shakespeare's time the technical term for a cargo. So the merchants of Bristol called themselves Merchant Adventurers.

227. **The deep of night.** Twice used by Shakespeare for the middle or stillest part of the night.

Page 120. 229. **Niggard with.** Take a scanty allowance of. Probably no other writer has ever used *niggard* as a verb; and Shakespeare has used it so only twice.

242. **Knave.** Lad. It is often used by Shakespeare as a term of endearment, as in such phrases as *my good knave*, or *good my knave*, *gentle knave*, *my friendly knave*, *my pretty knave*.—O'er-watched. Wearied out with watching.

243. **Other**=others. (Abbott, sect. 12.)

Page 121. 252. **Otherwise bethink me.** Change my mind.

256. **Much forgetful.** Shakespeare and his contemporaries used *much* with adjectives. We now use it only with participles. We find in Shakespeare *much guilty*, *much sea-sick*, *much ill*, *much sorry*, *much unequal*, *much sad*, etc.

263. **Young bloods.** Young people.

268. **Murderous.** Perhaps because sleep resembles death.

269. **Mace.** Once used for *sceptre*.

Page 122. 276. **Who comes there?** "Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him hither? The spirit answered, 'I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi.' Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, 'Well: then I shall see thee again.' The spirit presently vanished away."—North's *Plutarch*.

281. **Stare.** Stand on end.

290. **False.** In much the same sense Shakespeare has the phrases *a false gallop*, *false Latin*, *false French*, *false reckonings*, *false strains*, *false traits*, etc.

Page 123. 306. **Set on his powers betimes.** Put his troops early in motion.

ACT V

SCENE I

Page 124. 4. **Battles.** Battalions, brigades, or divisions in order of battle.

5. **Warn.** Summon or challenge.

7. **Am in their bosoms.** Am in their confidence, or know what they are going to do.

8. **Content.** Well pleased.—**Could**=would. (Cl. P. S.)

10. **Fearful bravery.** *Fearful* is used by Shakespeare in the subjective sense of *full of fear*; as well as in the modern or objective sense of *terrible*. Here the meaning seems to be that they

cover their fear by bravado or display (bravery).—By this face. In this manner, by this display.

11. **Fasten in our thoughts.** Make us believe.

17. **Even.** Level.

Page 125. 19. **Exigent.** Emergency, exigency. An adjective for a noun, as frequently in Shakespeare.

20. **So.** As I have said.

24. **Answer on their charge.** Attack them when they attack us.

25. **Make forth.** Set forth.

33. **Posture.** The direction and force. But Dr. Schmidt suggests *nature*. *Are* is wrongly used for *is*.

34. **Hybla.** There were three places of the name in Sicily. It is unknown which of them was famed for honey. The bees fed on the thyme which grew on the hills; hence the honey's exquisite flavor.

Page 126. 41. **Fawned like hounds, etc.** This is based upon Plutarch, "They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast."

46. **This tongue** would have been silenced in death if Cassius's advice had been taken.

48. **The cause.** The business on which we have come.

51. **Goes up.** Is sheathed.

52. **Cæsar's three and thirty wounds.** Theobald reduced the number of wounds to three and twenty, as given by Plutarch, Appian, and Suetonius. As Shakespeare followed Plutarch so closely in details, the higher number is probably a printer's error.

53. **Another Cæsar, etc.** Another Cæsar (myself) have fallen by the sword of traitors.

58. **Strain.** Race; still in use, but applied only to dogs, horses, etc.

59. **Honorable.** Adjective for adverb.

60. **A peevish school-boy.** Octavius was only twenty-one years of age. *Peevish* has generally in Shakespeare the meaning of *childish and thoughtless*.

61. **A masker and a reveller.** See I, ii, 205, and II, ii, 116.

65. **Stomachs.** Inclination, appetites.

Page 127. 70. **As.** "*As* is apparently used redundantly with definitions of time (as *hōs* is used in Greek with respect to motion). It is said by Halliwell to be an eastern counties' phrase." (Abbott, sect. 114.)

75. **Held Epicurus strong.** Had great faith in the doctrines of Epicurus. Epicurus (born 342 B. C.) regarded human happiness as the end of philosophy. The *summum bonum* consisted in tranquillity and peace of mind.

77. Do presage. That point out the future.

78. Former. Foremost.

81. Consorted. Attended.

85. As. As if. (Abbott, sect. 107.)

Page 128. 90. Very constantly. With the greatest firmness.

103. Prevent the time of life. Anticipate the natural term, or end, of our existence.

105. Stay. Await. Shakespeare usually employs *on* or *upon* with *stay* in this sense.

SCENE II

Page 129. 1. Bills. Notes, written directions, general orders.

3. Set on. Attack.

SCENE III

3. Ensign. Standard-bearer.

Page 130. 4. It. The standard-eagle, which he carried.

6. Advantage on, instead of *over*.

7. Fell to spoil. Began to plunder.

11. Far. Probably for *farther*. Cf. note on III, ii, 169.

19. With a thought. Quick as thought.

21. Thick. Dim.

25. His compass. Its circular course.

Page 131. 29. Make to him, etc. That are hastening to him.

38. Swore thee. Made thee swear.—Saving of thy life. In saving thy life.

41. Be a freeman. Earn your freedom by putting me to death.

42. Search. Pierce.

51. Change. The ups and downs of fortune.

Page 132. 68. Apt. Impressionable.

Page 133. 88. Regarded. Respected.

89. This. The act of suicide is the *part* (=duty) of a Roman.

96. In=into.—Own proper. A tautology. Shakespeare uses *proper* for *own*, as in *Tempest* (III, iii, 60): "Men hang and drown their proper selves." There are four instances of the double phrase *own proper*.

101. Breed thy fellow. Produce another like thee.—Moe. More. Cf. II, i, 72.

104. Thassos. An island now called Thaso, in the Ægean Sea, off the Thracian coast.—The latter touching portion of this grand and truly Roman panegyric is wholly Shakespeare's. The first part is from North: "So when he was come thither, after he

had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried."

Page 134. 105. **Funerals.** Shakespeare uses this word only twice in the plural.

106. It refers to *funerals*.

109. 110. **Ere night . . . a second fight.** As a matter of fact, the second battle of Philippi was fought twenty days after the first.

SCENE IV

2. **What bastard doth not?** Who is so base-born as will not?

8. **Know me for Brutus.** For this use of *for* cf. *Hamlet* (IV, vii, 2): "You must put me in your heart for friend"; and V, i, 196, where Hamlet talks of Yorick: "A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!"

12. **Only I yield to die.** I yield only to die. Cf. this position of *only* with that of *but* in V, i, 88, and V, v, 42.

Page 135. 32. **Is chanced.** Has happened or fallen out.

SCENE V

Page 136. 13. **That noble vessel.** Cf. *Winter's Tale* (III, iii):—

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So filled and so becoming.

And in several passages woman is spoken of as "the weaker vessel."

15. **List.** Listen.

Page 137. 45. **Respect.** Reputation. Cf. I, ii, 61.

46. **Smatch.** Tincture. This is the only instance of this word in Shakespeare. The word is probably a form of *smack*.

Page 138. 59. **Lucilius' saying true.** Lucilius had said (V, iv, 21) that "no enemy shall ever take alive the noble Brutus."

60. **Entertain them.** Take them into my service.

61. **Bestow.** Invest, put to use.

62. **Prefer.** Recommend. Cf. *Cymbeline* (IV, ii): "The emperor's letters should not sooner than thine own worth prefer thee."

71. **Common good to all.** "It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought that of all of them that had slain Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it as thinking the act commendable of itself; but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private

malice or envy that they otherwise did bear unto him."—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

Page 139. 77. His bones. His corpse. Shakespeare frequently uses *bones* in this sense.

79. The field. The army in the field.

80. Part. Share.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR STUDY

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READING REFERENCES

- Bagehot. *Shakespeare the Man*.
Baker. *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*.
Brandes. *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*.
Coleridge. *Notes of Shakespeare's Plays*.
Dowden. *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*, pp. 255-258.
Dowden. *Shakespeare Primer*.
Gervinus. *Commentaries*, pp. 698-721.
Green. *Short History of the English People*. (For historical setting.)
Hazlitt. *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, pp. 23-30.
Hazlitt. *Shakespeare*.
Lee. *A Life of William Shakespeare*.
Phillips. *Outlines of the Life of William Shakespeare*.
Plutarch. *Lives: Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Antony*.
Raleigh. *Shakespeare (English Men of Letters Series)*.
Snider. *Historical Commentaries*, pp. 144-228. (Drama.)
Ulrici. *Dramatic Art*, pp. 195-200.

PRELIMINARY STUDY

TOPICS FOR STUDY

1. Figures of speech.
2. Versification.
3. Structure of the drama.
4. Special study of the plays of Shakespeare as early, middle, late.
Classified:
 - (1) By external evidence.
 - (a) Registration.
 - (b) Allusions in other works.
 - (2) Partly by internal evidence.
 - (a) Reference to other works.
 - (b) Reference to historical facts, etc.

- (3) Wholly by internal evidence.
 - (a) Rhyme of blank verse.
 - (b) Feminine endings.
 - (c) Light or weak endings.
 - (d) Nature of the plot.
5. History of the drama before Shakespeare's time. (Cf. Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*.)
6. Theater of Shakespeare's day.
7. Study of the life of the period.
 - (a) In Black's *Judith Shakespeare*.
 - (b) In Bennett's *Master Skylark*.
8. History of the time of Cæsar.

TOPICS FOR THEMES

- A. Outlines only.
 1. Nature and structure of the drama.
 2. Classification of Shakespeare's plays.
- B. Outline and theme.
 1. The theater of Shakespeare's day.
 2. Stratford (*vide* Leland's *The Shakespeare Country* and Irving's *Sketch Book*, "Stratford").
 3. A scene from Shakespeare's life. (Imaginary largely.)
For instance: the deer-stealing episode; the first days in London; the first appearance on the stage; the first production of *Julius Cæsar*; the return to Stratford; a night at the Mermaid. (Aim to reflect the spirit of the time and the nature of the man.)

STUDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

SCENE I

- ① What was the condition of the common people at this time (*vide* history)? How does this scene show it? What is the chief characteristic of the people as dwelt on here?
2. Comment on the use of prose, of blank verse. Pick out five lines not in normal iambic pentameter and specify wherein each differs, scanning to prove your point.
3. Pick out and name five striking figures; show why each is used; in every case possible, rewrite in unfigurative language.
4. What is the effect of the tone in which Cæsar is mentioned? Of the last words of Flavius? Which of the tribunes is the leader?
5. Write in thirty words what has been accomplished by the scene.

SCENE II

1. What side of Cæsar's character is brought out? What is the effect of this?
2. What is Casca's attitude as first seen?
3. In the dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, state what characteristics of each are revealed.
4. State briefly Cassius's estimate of himself, as given in ll. 68-80.
5. In ll. 84-91 ("I would not," etc.), state exactly Brutus's feelings toward Cæsar and his feeling of honor.
6. Ll. 92-133 ("I know that," etc.) sum up Cassius's grievances. What error does he make in judging Cæsar?
7. Why does this speech have so little effect on Brutus?
8. Ll. 137-163 ("Why, man . . . as a king"). To what in Brutus is Cassius appealing here? How does it succeed?
9. Ll. 164-177. State Brutus's attitude.
10. What glimpse of Cicero is given here? What impression is conveyed by it?
11. How do Cæsar's words to Antony (ll. 194-216) reveal, in part, the secret of his greatness?
12. Compare this view of Casca with the previous. Sum up his character. Explain the use of prose in this and the previous scene.
13. Ll. 311-326. What light is thrown on Cassius? Answer fully.
14. State in seventy-five words what has been accomplished by the scene.

SCENE III

1. What is the effect of the storm after the two previous scenes?
2. What side of Casca's nature is seen here? Add to your previous estimate. Does it change any previous opinion of him?
3. How does Cicero appear here?
4. Compare Cassius's tone toward Casca with that toward Brutus. Explain and account for the difference.
5. Select examples of: (1) antithesis, (2) metonymy, (3) metaphor, (4) simile, (5) apostrophe, (6) personification, (7) synecdoche, (8) irony, (9) exclamation, (10) interrogation.
6. What has been accomplished by Act I? Who is the central figure? What important actors have been introduced and in what aspect? What is your impression of each?

ACT II

SCENE I

1. What is the significance of Brutus's troubled mind?
2. How does this scene form a fit sequel for the close of Act I?
3. State in your own words Brutus's reasoning in ll. 10-34. How do the lines interpret his nature? What danger is there in putting such a man at the head of a conspiracy? Does Cassius see this? If so, why does he persist?
4. What were the relations between Brutus and Cæsar?
5. L. 12: "He would be crowned." What is Brutus's view of Cæsar's refusal of the crown on the previous day?
6. Should the fact that Brutus has no evidence of any case where Cæsar's "affections swayed more than his reason" do away with his fears?
7. L. 40. What is the point of his question, "Is not to-morrow the Ides of March?" Where have the Ides been mentioned? In what way? What is the effect of this question on the audience?
8. Show wherein the letter is peculiarly fitted to appeal to Brutus. What things have conspired to convince Brutus of the fact that he is to be the saviour of his country?
9. Ll. 61-69. "Since Cassius . . . an insurrection." What significance lies in the fact that he has been "whetted against Cæsar" at first by outside arguments, not by inward convictions? In the light of this statement, how do you explain Brutus's words in I, ii, when, in talking with Cassius, he speaks of being "vexed with passions of some difference," etc.?
10. What is the significance of the fact that Brutus contradicts each suggestion that is made by Cassius as to details for the action of the conspirators? Which of the two is the wiser? Defend your answer. Give points on both sides.
11. If Cassius so fears Antony, why does he not press his point?
12. What side of Cæsar's nature is brought out by Cassius's and Decius's words at the close of the scene? Why?
13. In what relation does Decius stand to Cæsar? Why is he in the conspiracy? In the case of each conspirator, what seems to have led him to enter the plot? Comment fully, and on the significance of this fact.
14. How does Brutus's action toward Lucius (ll. 229-233) show his nature?
15. Discuss fully Portia's character as shown here: the motives which lead her to act, the traits of character shown by her acts, those which would lead a man like Brutus to love her, those which make her a fit mate for him. By birth and ancestry, with whom

are her sympathies? Does she suspect what is on foot? Give the reason for your answer.

16. Note that Brutus goes out immediately afterward with Ligarius; goes with him to Cæsar's house, and from there to the senate with Cæsar. Has he given Portia, do you think, any clew? (See Scene IV.) If so, when?

SCENE II

1. What is the general tone of this scene, especially at first? How is it secured? Its purpose?

2. What side of Cæsar's character is first presented here? How long does it last? Is his belief in auguries a sign of weakness? Why?

3. In his interview with Decius, point out each thing that strengthens your sympathy for Cæsar; that weakens it. How does Decius finally win him?

4. What seems to be Brutus's attitude? How is it shown? What is its significance?

SCENE III

1. Explain how Artemidorus has definite proof of a conspiracy but just formed.

2. Comment on his estimate of Cæsar; of the motives that underlay the conspiracy.

SCENE IV

1. Explain this scene, especially Portia's part, in the light of question 15 on Scene i of Act II.

2. Could Portia have gained the knowledge as you think Artemidorus did? Why?

3. What is the effect of the soothsayer's words? Of the fact that three outside the conspiracy know of it? Do you think anyone has played false? If so, who, and why?

4. What is the effect of these two short scenes and their general tone?

Pick out all instances of rhyme in Act II. Show how it is used.

Comment on the use of prose and verse in the two acts. Give a general rule as to the use of prose. For this, study especially Casca's words at various times.

ACT III

SCENE I

1. What significance is in the opening words? Where have they been heard before?

2. What is the effect of Cæsar's rebuff of Artemidorus on the feelings of the audience toward Cæsar?

3. Cassius says, "We fear prevention" (l. 19); explain his meaning and account for his fear. Why does he turn to Brutus for advice and to Casca for action? What is your estimate of Cassius?

4. In the interview with Metellus Cimber and others begging for the repeal of the decree of banishment, how does Cæsar show himself? What is the effect on your feelings for him? What is the effect of this interview just at this point?

5. How does Cæsar bear himself at his death? What is the effect of his last words? Their effect on such a man as Brutus?

6. What significance lies in the fact that Cæsar's death is followed by no general rejoicing, that all outcry is made by the conspirators?

7. Criticise Antony's message by the servant and give your opinion, very fully, of the message and the sender. What light does it throw on Cassius's estimate of Antony?

8. If Cassius has "a mind that fears him much" (l. 145), why does he not insist on Antony's death?

9. What impression is produced by Antony's words on his entry? What is their general tone? Compare with Brutus's estimate of him (II, i). What is the effect on Brutus?

10. In Antony's reply, "I doubt not. . . . Dost thou here lie" (ll. 184-211), how much is natural feeling, how much studied for its effect on Brutus?

11. Is Antony's request to speak at Cæsar's funeral unnatural? Why?

12. In the light of your answer to 11, comment on (a) Brutus's permission, (b) Cassius's anxiety, (c) Brutus's confidence in himself.

13. Where before has Brutus overridden Cassius's objections? Have any of these objections borne fruit? If so, when?

14. Comment on Antony's character as revealed by his dealings with the conspirators; by his words over the body of Cæsar, when alone. What would you state as his chief attribute?

SCENE II

1. What seems to be the general feeling regarding Cæsar's death? What is the significance of this?

2. State Brutus's speech briefly; compare it with his soliloquy (II, i). Why is it in prose? What are its strongest points? Its weakest? Outline it, show wherein it is illogical or unpractical. Criticise its fitness for its purpose.

3. Comment on the effect on the people. What irony is there, in view of the fact that Brutus had killed Cæsar lest he might be crowned? Account for Brutus's blindness to this.

4. Comment on Antony's words, "For Brutus sake I am beholding to you" (l. 68).

5. Outline Antony's speech and treat it as you did Brutus's in question 2.

6. Indicate, at each interruption, its effect thus far upon his auditors.

7. To what class of people would Brutus's speech appeal? Antony's? Show just what elements in the mob Antony appeals to, in what order, how, and with what effect.

8. Do you feel that Brutus deserves his failure? (Answer very fully.)

9. In Antony's words to the servant at the close of the scene, what new light is thrown upon his character?

SCENE III

What is the purpose of this scene? What element in the Roman mob is brought out? What is its effect on your feelings for Antony? How far are the conspirators responsible?

ACT IV

SCENE I

1. How long is it since Act III?

2. Comment on the nature of the occupation of the men, especially in the light of Brutus's soliloquy in II, i.

3. Who is the Lepidus here mentioned? Where is he spoken of before? Why is he in the triumvirate?

4. How old is Octavius by years? By acts? Compare him with the dead Cæsar; apply to him Brutus's words, "I have not known when his affections swayed more than his reason," and comment on their fitness or unfitness to him.

5. What side of Antony is here shown? Has it appeared before? Where?

6. Comment on the fitness of these two men for working together.

SCENE II

1. What is Brutus's attitude? What has wrought the change?

2. Comment on his talking the matter over with Lucilius. With whom is your sympathy, Brutus or Cassius, and why?

3. What is the significance of this discord in the conspiracy?

4. What, in Brutus's words, "Cassius, be content . . . audience" (ll. 41-47), was peculiarly fitted to sting Cassius? Is it intentional on Brutus's part? State the reasons for your answer.

SCENE III

1. State Cassius's cause of complaint. Give your view as to its justice. Comment on Brutus's reply, "You wronged yourself to write in such a case" (l. 6).

2. Criticise Cassius's defense of this act and his charge against Brutus.

3. Is there any justice in Brutus's attack on Cassius? Comment on Brutus's views here as to the reason for Cæsar's death.

4. Is Cassius's self-defense, "Brutus, bait not me," etc. (l. 28), just? Why?

5. What is Brutus's real grievance? Comment, in the light of the opening words of this scene.

6. In the light of Cassius's attitude throughout the scene, comment on his feeling toward Brutus. What is the noblest feature of Cassius's acts here?

7. Comment on the fact that, in spite of past and present trouble from neglecting or defying Cassius's projects, Brutus again insists on his own way.

8. Criticise each plan, and give your choice of the better one, with reasons.

9. Why does Cassius resist no further?

10. What is the significance of the fact that Brutus cannot sleep, and dreads to be alone?

11. What is the significance of the apparition at this special point? Justify the term, "thine evil spirit" (l. 283). What must have been Brutus's feelings at the words, "thou shalt see me at Philippi" (l. 284)? Why does he not change his plan for action and take Cassius's plan?

12. Comment on his actions after the ghost's departure.

What had been accomplished by this long act, with so little action in it?

ACT V

SCENE I

1. Comment on Octavius's words in the light of the preceding scene. What is the effect on the audience?

2. What is revealed by Antony's words, "I am in their bosoms" (l. 7)? How much of his statement is borne out by the preceding scene?

3. In the war of words, which side has the best of it? What is it that brings out Cassius's reproach now, when he kept silent during the quarrel? With which party are your sympathies, and why?

4. What is the general tone of Cassius's words to Messala, "This is my birth-day," etc. (l. 70), and their effect on the audience?

5. What is the general tone of their farewell? Account for it.

SCENE II

What is the purpose of this short scene?

SCENE III

1. In ll. 5-8, what light is thrown on Scene ii? On Cassius's claim to being a better soldier than Brutus?

2. How is your estimate of Cassius affected by the slave's love for him? By Titinius's love, so strong as to lead him to suicide at his friend's side?

3. Justify Titinius's statement that with Cassius's death the cause is lost.

4. Show how Cassius's death owing to his misconception is a fitting end.

5. Comment on Brutus's words (ll. 94-96), "Oh Julius Cæsar," etc.

6. Compare this scene of Brutus's mourning over Cassius with Antony's grief over Cæsar.

SCENE IV

1. What is the effect of the opening words? The significance of the acts of Cato? Of Brutus? Reason for Lucilius's attempt to pass himself for Brutus?

2. Comment on Antony's treatment of his prisoners.

SCENE V

1. Why does Brutus, too, seek suicide through another's aid, as did Cassius?

2. Comment on the fact that Cassius must seek his death at the hands of a slave. Brutus importunes his friends for it in vain, to gain it only at the hands of a common soldier.

3. Comment on his words (ll. 33-38), "Countrymen," etc. Compare his last words, "Cæsar, now be still" (l. 50), with Cassius's last words.

4. Justify Antony's opinion of him (ll. 67-74), from first to last of the play. How is your estimate of Antony affected by his closing words?

GENERAL TOPICS

For Full Discussion

The character of Brutus } (proving each point from the play).
The character of Cassius }

The part played by Octavius.

The minor characters.

The ability of Brutus, Cassius, and Antony, each as a leader of men.

The means used to increase and decrease sympathy for each of the leading characters.

Why the play is named "Julius Cæsar."

The hero of the play.

The dramatic moments.

In each act pick out twenty consecutive lines in two different places,—forty from each act,—and estimate the proportion of end-stopt and run-on lines of feminine endings, the average position of the cæsura, use of alliteration, variations from the iambic foot, use of compensating pauses, use of rhyme, of prose.

What figure of speech is most frequently used? Give five striking illustrations. Give two examples each of five other figures.





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